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## REMINISCENCES OF FONTAINEBLEAU FOREST.

By a LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.

"MAIS, comment, monsieur? You have been all this time in Paris—you, *peysagiste*—and have not been to Fontainebleau?"

Such, in substance, was the language of the painters and the tourists; such, too, was the silent reproach of the landscape-studies from that region, seen in galleries and in the shops of the *marchands des tableaux*. Such, too, had been my own grumble to myself, and nothing stood in my way save the vulgar lack of a hundred extra francs, till at last I could stand it no longer, but one bright October day took the *Chemin de fer de Lyon*, determined to plunge into the celebrated forest, armed with all a painter's necessary equipments, and explore its picturesque recesses, and bring back some careful studies of the woods and rocks for which it is famous.

A ride of an hour or two takes me to Melun; thence by omnibus I go about seven miles farther, over a sandy road, through small pines and birches, to a little village called Barbison, where I got out at the humble little two-story *auberge* of Madame



Vannier, to which I was directed by my artist-friends. I arrive after sunset—a chilly autumn evening—and find myself in time for dinner. I am welcomed by Madame Vannier, a good-looking young peasant-woman, dressed in the costume of the country, the chief peculiarity of which (though it is a costume common, I find, to all the country-towns about Paris) is a colored handkerchief wrapped all around the head, and entirely concealing the hair. I thought how much handsomer my landlady would have been without this close coiffure. But it seems all the peasant-women wear it; and even the little girls are forbidden to show their hair, as if it were something to be ashamed of. I dine very simply, with a few French painters, who are vastly polite to me; smoke my pipe or cigar, and talk or read over a few reluctantly consuming brands in the deep-mouthed fireplace of the *salle à manger*, and retire about nine o'clock, which seems to be the curfew-hour when madame desires all lights to be out.

Barbison is a mean little village situated on the verge of the forest

of Fontainebleau. It consists of one single street about half a mile long, on the right and left of which are little stone-houses, inhabited chiefly by hard-working peasants. Some of the houses are thatched with straw, and more or less picturesque, the roofs being variegated with patches of rich green moss. These tenements are rudely constructed, and most of them apparently old. The court-yards in front of them are ornamented with bucolic appendages of dung-hills, straw, wood-piles, carts, and barrows, and other farming-implements; and where the gravel-walks should be, conducting from the outer gate to the cottage-door, is usually displayed a domestic lake or puddle, highly favorable to the ducks and geese, but rather forbidding to the approaches of human beings in general, who would naturally prefer the soft carpeting of straw and manure on either side, where the chickens and turkeys scratch for a living. One or two little flower-beds I have seen, and some attempts here and there at neatness and ornament; for there are several artists of reputation who live permanently in Barbison. But these must be looked upon as the aristocrats of the village. The peasants, for the most part, seem as rough and uncultivated as their surroundings—ignorant, superstitious, coarse, loud-tongued, and unmusical. When they converse they scream at one another like geese. The talk of the men is like the barking of dogs—and such lungs! Our hostess, however, I found to be an exception. She probably belonged to one of their best families, and, moreover, had been thrown more into the society of persons with city manners.

Barbison has for a good while been a favorite resort of artists—mostly Frenchmen—who come down here to study and paint in the magnificent forest. There are two *auberges*, or taverns, in the place—Ganne's and Vannier's. The first of these was, I believe, the most popular about this time, though perhaps not the most select. Formerly Madame Vannier's had the preference. The *salle-d-manger* is handsomely adorned with paintings of no mean order—sketches of figures, or landscape, or fruit, or flowers, made upon the walls by various artists who have been guests there.

"Early to bed and early to rise" is the artists' rule here in the forest; for we mean work, and give the whole day to it. So I am up betimes, and breakfast early on *café au lait*, toast-and-butter—nothing else; and pretty hard dry toast it is, for madame bakes but once a week—when I get my painting-box in order and strap it over my back, shoulder my bundle, composed of painting-umbrella and *pique*, stool and easel, and receive from madame my *poche*—a sack containing my second breakfast or luncheon, which I hang over my shoulder. Thus accoutred I tramp to the forest, choose my spot and subject for work, seat myself, and attack my canvas. At twelve or one I lunch upon the contents of my little sack—a hunk of dry bread, a piece of meat, a scrap of cheese or sausage, salt, one pear, and a half-bottle of very sour wine—plain fare, but a glorious appetite. Here and there the pleasant pipe steals in between the intervals of work. But as the light has changed

I may stretch my legs and look about a little—not needing to go far—for an afternoon subject; and so I am occupied till the sun sets behind the forest-trees, and the long shadows have all disappeared, and the air grows chilly, when I shoulder my traps and trudge back to my inn.

These seasons of out-of-door work, in pleasant weather, are the seasons of the artist's supreme delight; for with the painter his work and his pleasure are always inseparable. But in painting from Nature there is an eagerness and satisfaction in his occupation which, when the conditions are favorable, are peculiarly vital. In the woods he is content and happy; but as he nears his inn his prosaic life again begins. I have been all day in the presence of an uncontained and ever-varying beauty. I come back to a cold room—a cold dinner-room with cold, brick floors, and dinner not ready. It is growing dusk before it is announced. A huge loaf of dry bread, some bottles of sour wine, pewter spoons, and forks, make their appearance. Then a soup—never any thing much better than a soup of *Poiselle* (sorrel), with lots of bread soaked in it; then boiled meat; then a roast or a outlet; sometimes potatoes, almost always some vegetables, either potatoes or cauliflower; and once I remember having one artichoke. But we are put on allowance—always enough, but never any thing left over. For dessert always one bunch of grapes apiece. Once, when there were four unsatisfied painters at table, we had each four bad walnuts apiece. But *pardon*, Madame V—, I forgot the salad. We had that, and M. Chenon always dressed it, whether we wanted it or not; for he said: "If we don't eat it to-day, gentlemen, we shall be sure to have the same salad on table to-morrow."

After dinner came the meagre luxury of a fire. For even a Frenchman rejoices in a fire on these chill autumn evenings. But what a fire! We always had to ask for it; and when it came, the materials were always two or three sappy cat-sticks, and one chunk of asbestos—so I called it. And the evening was divided between our pipes, conversation (in which my own part was not large, owing to my diffidence in exposing my bad French), occasional games of dominoes, of which the French are fond, and punching and blowing the sulky fire. The Frenchmen called it all sorts of witty names. That old chunk must have been artificially prepared, and warranted to last a week without igniting. Over and over it was turned, an uneasy sleeper on its bed of ashes and dull coals; but it positively declined to burn. Then the tallow-candles gave us some occupation, as they required to be snuffed every five minutes. And so, with punching the asbestos-chunk, with many a *sacre-bleu*, and snuffing candles, and lighting fresh pipes, and the glancing of French talk, the evening wore away. My bedchamber was as cold and cheerless as it was below-stairs: a brick floor, without a rag of carpet, one chair and a table; cold, coarse, sometimes dampish linen sheets to my bed; no woollen blankets; and the bedstead so short that I was obliged to lie diagonally and dream transversely. In the morning I wash in a basin the size of a breakfast-plate, and wipe

myself with a towel of the dimensions of a napkin, and tie my cravat at a glass six inches by four and a half—an aggravating reflector that distorts my face horribly; worse than looking into a silver pitcher or the bowl of a spoon. Fortunately, I was one of those who had no occasion for the use of a razor, for I am sure no mortal save a conjurer could have shaved himself in a mirror of that lively and perplexingly satirical character.

The truth is, the Frenchmen were right when they styled Madame Vannier a *jeune avar*. She seemed to think of nothing but francs and sous. She devoted herself to saving and scrimping. Two tallow-candles for one boarder would have horrified her. More than two cat-sticks and one asbestos back-log would have greatly astonished and alarmed her. One day she begged me to give notice the day before, when I decided to go away, because otherwise the extra meat provided would be wasted. She actually sold two sous' worth of brown paper to a friend of mine. If there chanced to be any little scrap of any thing furnished gratis, such as wrapping-paper, pen and ink, or wafers, it was a matter of surprise. Some of the boarders said this parsimoniousness of our hostess was the reason why so many of the painters preferred going to Ganne's.

The last day of October, 1856, found me still at Barbison, working hard all day in the forest, and spending my evenings alone. The Frenchmen had all gone. For ten days I did not see a soul I cared to converse with, except a young Englishman, who spent a day here, and whose company I enjoyed. I had almost forgotten the sound of my own voice. It was late in the season to be at work out-of-doors, but, under the shelter of the rocks, I was comfortable. I was so thoughtless as to bring very few books with me; read for the second time Madame Sand's "*Mars au Diable*," and two volumes of *Household Words*. The room was too cold to write. I was getting torpid and lonesome. So, one day, I told my hostess I thought I should leave on the morrow. "*Mais, monsieur*," she expostulated, "I have just laid in a quantity of meat, and you must stay till it is eaten."

The weather was cold and frosty in the mornings. The colors of the trees were at their finest, not equal to our American Octobers, but fine for Europe. My favorite spot for studies was on the rocky side of the *Puisé*, or *Grande Route* from Paris, near an open space, where there were numbers of very fine oaks. Here I seemed to get a specimen of every thing for which the forest is characteristic; fine oaks, beeches, and birches; rocks covered with moss and lichens, interspersed with trees, and piled up on the hill-side in wild and savage grandeur. The trees were full of red squirrels, and it was a pleasant sight to see them chasing one another up and down the trunks, and from the boughs of one tree to another. Over the tall beech-woods of the Bas-Brian, on the other side of the road, the crows were screaming themselves hoarse.

One night during this visit, I strolled through some of the wildest portions of the forest with two or three other painters, who knew the paths. It happened to be the night

of an eclipse. It was a splendid moonlight when we started. None of us knew of the coming eclipse, for we saw no newspapers or almanacs down here in these wild districts. As we descended through the Gorge d'Aprémont, we became aware of the phenomenon. In the waning light, a fog lay below, having precisely the appearance of a lake. We walked down to the Dormoir, a level space interspersed with fine oak-trees, and around through the woods to the Pavé. Here we heard the owls hooting in the deep shadows. How solemn it was in the forest at that hour! In some places almost pitch-dark, and the faint eclipse-light falling here and there in dim, white patches, or shining on some ghostly birch-trunk in the distance. Beethoven's moonlight *adagio* describes such a scene better than any words I can write.

One of the finest portions of the forest near Barbison, is the Bas-Bréan. Here are the tallest, the largest, and the most picturesque beeches I ever saw; their great trunks spotted and exquisitely tinted with every shade of gray, and variegated with the richest brown and green moss. These noble trees are numerous and close together, letting in but little sunshine, and their graceful, tall, and towering forms make this portion of the woods one of the most impressive in the whole forest. The only other portion I could compare with it is that in the Vallée de la Salle, three or four miles from the town of Fontainebleau.

The entire forest is said to cover about forty thousand acres. But a good deal of this is not at present woods, but bare, sandy, rocky hills, covered with luxuriant heath, purple in summer, brown in autumn. The soil is excessively loose and sandy, and the rocks of sandstone. There is but one spring that I know of in the whole forest. And water for picturesque needs is just as scarce. There is one small bit of stagnant lake about midway between Barbison and the town of Fontainebleau (which, if I remember, are about seven miles apart), and this is painted and photographed over and over. It is very picturesque in its combination of still-water, rock, and noble oak-trees.

Great care is taken by the French Government to preserve the forest intact. Roads and paths are laid out and named; but this, I believe, is due to the efforts of one man, M. Denencourt, whose enthusiasm in this work was equalled by his enterprise. Here and there an occasional *garde champêtre* prowls about with his carbine slung behind his back, and sometimes he shows a useless and ludicrous interference with the painters who are seated quietly at their easels. Once I heard one expostulating with an artist whose dog, having nothing else to do, barked rather more violently and incessantly than the official thought consistent with the solemn dignity of the woods.

Some of the finest portions of the forest are more accessible from the town of Fontainebleau; and here I once put up for a few weeks at an hotel, in order to reach more readily what I wanted, though the nearest spot in view was a three-mile walk from the town.

One of the most picturesque regions of these woods is that noted for some large oaks,

which have been named after the old sovereigns of France; as Charlemagne, Clovis, Henri IV., etc. The largest of these is the Charlemagne oak. But time and weather have robbed the monarch of his leafy crown and most of his branching arms. Yet it is not the trees alone that make the charm of this region to the painter; for he finds here the most picturesque of "foregrounds"—banks, wood-paths, gray and brown rocks, spotted with the most delicious moss and lichen, or decked with ferns or brown leaves—and all arranged by kind Nature, as if waiting there to be transferred to canvas. The landscape-painter feels like lingering weeks in one spot, hardly shifting his camp-stool, and painting just what lies about him. C—, an American painter, used to come here with me day after day, doing lovely things, and was so fascinated with this portion of the forest that long after I left I heard of him still at work in the autumn woods. What pleasant days these were, when, with so agreeable and enthusiastic a companion, I could walk and talk at ease of art and Nature, and work together at what we best loved! "In the woods," Emerson says, "is perpetual youth;" and we certainly felt as if we had found it here. At noon we met and lunched together; and then to work again till near sundown. Sometimes we would hide our painting-things under a rock for the night, sure to find them untouched, when we came again next day—so secluded from all wayfarers were our favorite spots—though once I discovered that my wet canvas had been walked over by a small visitor during the night, for I discovered the tiny footprints of a squirrel on its margin.

Not less attractive was the Vallée de la Salle. I shall always remember vividly my first descent into this region, filled with such wonderfully picturesque beeches, oaks, and rocks, and all free from underbrush, that it seemed as enchanted a place, and as romantic, as Shakespeare's Forest of Arden. It seemed to require but little imagination to fancy that Celia, and Rosalind, and Orlando, and the duke, had once trod these leafy and mossy carpets. And nothing was lacking but a brawling stream to give a pose to the figure of the melancholy Jacques at the foot of one of those antique oaks or beeches. Such ideally picturesque oaks and beeches I never remembered having seen in America.

I often thought, while in the forest, how little the French landscapists make of it. How little genuine selection of subjects they show in their studies here! Almost the first thing they see seems to content them. There is a poetic as well as a prosaic realism in art, and it is the latter that subdues the French genius. Here, of course, there are distinguished exceptions. There are men like Théodore Rousseau and Diaz, and some almost wholly unknown in America, as Bodmer and Baudit, Lapiere, Saint-Marcel, Cabat, and others, who give us something of the poetry and picturesqueness of the forest, while losing nothing of its truth. But what a wealth of material is here that has never been painted, though visited by so many painters!

There was one of this prosaic school, I

recollect, at Barbison, during one of my visits there, who, though he did very mediocre work, was very fond of discoursing about the principles of art after dinner, and would lay down the law very academically. One of his sayings I remember as peculiarly French. "Messieurs," he would say, "there should be in a picture three lights; one principal light, and two subordinate; but always three, no more. On peut dire, le Père, le Fils, et le Saint-Esprit." He could never get disentangled from his academicism. One day he came upon me in the forest, accompanied by one or two companions. I was at work at some rocks and birch-trees. "Ah, vous le faites donc dans la manière Gènevoise!" he exclaimed, adding some patronizing half compliments. I told him I was doing it in my own way, as well as I could, but that I was quite ignorant what the "Genevese manner" was.

Barbison was well known among the painters, as the residence of several French artists of reputation. They all lived very simply—a sort of *demi-paysan* life; had built themselves commodious studios, and worked much out-of-doors. Here was Théodore Rousseau, now, alas! no more, but who achieved a brilliant reputation as one of the foremost landscapists of France. Here lived the Swiss Bodmer, a recluse, who loved to paint the deep interior glooms of the woods. Here was Millet, himself a peasant born, but with the lofty manners of a seigneur—Millet, whose serious, earnest, humane genius was consecrated to subjects in which were depicted, with a master's hand and feeling, the dignity and sorrow of labor; who showed us the toil-worn, patient, broad tiller of the ground; the lonely shepherd, with his flock and his faithful watchdog, buffeting the winds of the bleak plains; the poor peasant-women in the stony fields, bending over their work. Here was Jacques, painter of sheep and of fowls, as well as figures, and who lived surrounded by poultry of rare breeds, and intimate with all their manners. These artists loved the country for itself as much as for its pictures. The outgoings of the morning and evening were food and solace to them as well as inspiration.

One day, in Paris, my friend T. G. A. proposed that I should accompany him to Barbison, which I did; and we visited together Rousseau and Millet in their studios. I remember one wonderfully fine landscape we saw at Rousseau's, a deep-toned interior forest-scene, magnificent in color, effect, and truthfulness, which I afterward saw exhibited in Paris. This gifted artist died not long afterward, still a young man.

On my first visit to Barbison, I met M. Xavier de Cock, who is a painter of distinguished merit. He must have been here frequently, for I have met his models in the fields about the villages. That young peasant-girl, leading about a docile cow by a string tied to the horns, I have seen in his pictures. The same landscape, too, thick groves of French poplars, and glimpses beyond of cottages and farm-houses. His pictures remind us of Troyon, but his style is quite individual, and he gives more attention to the human figure than Troyon did. His works are charming in color and tone.



These painters of peasants and animals have no occasion to go into the forest. They find their subjects quite near at hand, in the village street, and court-yards and fields. Brendel, whose speciality was sheep, used to come here, I believe, sometimes. It is said he was much perplexed by the perpetual movement of these animals. Not being able to get them to pose for him, he invented a painting apparatus, with which he could follow them wherever they went, and still go on painting. So that, without doubt, he was perpetually saying to himself, "*Revenons à nos moutons.*"

One of the attractions of the forest to a painter was certainly the consciousness of a brotherhood of artists, scattered about among the trees and rocks, each in the privacy of his chosen places, pursuing the same kind of work, and all looking forward to the social dinner after sunset. Sometimes they would come in in groups of three or four, sometimes as solitary stragglers, but always cheery and happy in having accomplished something during the long, unwearied hours since breakfast, and all with great appetites for dinner. Occasionally, one or two of the long-established boarders would get impatient, and make a dive into the kitchen, where perhaps he would, like a thoroughly democratic Frenchman, make his half-jocular complaints to madame about the tardiness of the service; or, perhaps, lend a hand himself to the culinary department, amid the obfuscation or laughter of the hostess, who was also cook and waiter. One evening, one of these young fellows took a piece of mutton-suet, and, making use of it as a drawing-implement, while madame's back was turned, went to a looking-glass over the fire-place, and gravely imitated upon its surface a serious crack. It was one of those dreadful star-shaped cracks—precisely as if it had been hit by a stone. We all enjoyed madame's horror and amazement when she came in, and concluded that her best mirror was ruined, and her subsequent relief when she discovered the trick played upon her.

I never could prevail upon my American friend C—to come over to Barbison, though I were ever so eloquent in praising the picturesque landscape material within easy walk of the village. He had an American old bachelor's fondness for a good dinner after his day's work, and stuck to the city of Fontainebleau. Nay, he was even so American that he would sometimes take a hack to carry him and his painting-gear from his hotel to his forest-work—a luxury I never heard a French painter indulging in. Then he was so enchanted with the material he found there, that he declared it was exhaustless, and I believe he had good reason to think so.

Now and then, in the remote and secluded portion of these woods, the painter may get a glimpse of a deer or two—shy and wild enough to suggest the barbarisms of the chase to all but the brethren of the brush. Hunting in the forest was expressly forbidden save to the emperor and his friends. I used to see by the Paris papers, with great disgust, that this was one of his majesty's sports, even in the summer. How much of a chase there usually was I don't know, but it was probably little more than a half-

theatric show—a make-believe, as imitating the genuine old sports under the English greenwoods.

I think it was in one of these hunting-excursions that M. Decamps, the celebrated artist, was thrown from his horse and killed.

It was with regret that I took my last leave of the forest. These noble woods will long linger in my memory. The oaks and beeches are unrivaled. The birch is a smaller tree, and with a more graceful and drooping foliage, than the American of the same name. Some one calls it the "lady of the woods." The rocks make one of the most important features of the forest. In every direction they abound, in their spotted robes of moss and lichen. There are many pines, but small, being recently planted. The absence of springs and streams is a great want to the lips and throat, as to the eyes, of those who wander through these secluded places. On the Hauteurs de la Salle I used sometimes to walk half a mile for a draught of water, at the only spring in the forest. But, with this exception, for beauty and variety in almost all those wild and picturesque qualities beloved by the painters, I know no place so fascinating as Fontainebleau Forest. But for this lack of water, you could fancy yourself often in the wild backwoods of America.

## NINA'S ATONEMENT.

By CHRISTIAN REID.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER IV.

"NINA," said Ralph, tenderly, "I am afraid there is something the matter with you, dear."

It was several days after the scene in the laboratory. The cousins were alone in the drawing-room, which Ralph had entered unexpectedly in search of a missing glove, and where he had found Nina all alone, standing by an open window, gazing out absently over the flowery terrace to the green lawn beyond. Something listless as well as absent in the girl's attitude struck him suddenly. It was strange for Nina—in whom buoyant youth and health seemed usually overflowing—to appear listless, and he remembered that he had thought her looking pale the day before. Moved by a quick impulse of affectionate concern, he crossed the room, therefore, with the caressing words recorded above.

But he was not prepared for the startled look in the eyes which turned on him, nor the recoiling movement which she made when he attempted to pass his arm lightly around her.

"Nina!" he said, surprised and pained; "is any thing the matter? Have I done any thing to offend you?"

"You!" said Nina, with a faint laugh. "When did you ever do any thing to offend me? I—I am only nervous. I have felt heavy and languid for a day or two. Perhaps I need a tonic. Don't people always need a tonic when they feel languid? Count my pulse, and see if it is all right."

She extended her delicate wrist, with a pretty tracery of azure veins showing through

the transparent skin; but, instead of accepting the diversion thus offered, Ralph placed one hand under her chin, and turned the exquisite Hebe-face toward the light.

"I can judge better from your eyes than from your pulse," he said, gravely. "Look at me, and let me see what cloud has come over you."

But this Nina would not do; indeed, she felt that she could not meet the frank, tender eyes looking at her, with the gloom of unquiet deception in her own. The white, sculpturesque lids fell heavily; the slender, dark brows met in an impatient frown.

"Don't, Ralph!" she said, petulantly. "I cannot endure such a glare! There is nothing the matter with me, except that I am stupid and dull."

"Why, you were nervous and languid a minute ago," said Ralph, "and now stupid and dull—what a sudden list of maladies! And, for you, of all people! Do you know—now that I come to think of it—you have not seemed quite yourself since that day we went down to the laboratory? I wonder if you could have inhaled some of Martindale's poisonous compounds?"

"How absurd!" said Nina; but her smile was forced, and the vivid color which leaped to her face might have awakened suspicion in anybody but Ralph. He, however, blundered on:

"I must make Martindale come and prescribe for you," said Ralph. "Every chemist is something of a physician—at least to the extent of knowing the effect of his chemicals. If you should have chanced to inhale a little poison, he must administer an antidote as soon as possible."

"Pray, don't be foolish!" said Nina, coldly—the flush on her face had faded as quickly as it came, and nothing remained now but a faint stain of color on either cheek—"I have inhaled no poison; but, if I had done so, I would not care to receive an antidote from Mr. Martindale. Ralph," she said, suddenly and passionately, "I asked you to send that man away when he first came here. It would have been better—oh, how much better—if you had heeded me!"

"Has Martindale been doing any thing?" said Ralph. "I knew somebody had offended you, Nina; but I am sorry that you have gone back to your dislike of him."

"I did not say that I had gone back to my dislike of him," answered Nina, impatiently. "Ralph, can you not understand that one can distrust a person without—without disliking him?"

"No, I cannot understand it," said Ralph, frankly. "With me, to like and to trust are synonymous terms. I could not for a moment entertain any regard for a person whom I distrusted."

"That is to say, you could not learn to regard a person whom you distrusted," said Nina, quickly. "But if you liked—loved, perhaps—already, could you not continue to like or love even if—if you had cause to distrust?"

"I scarcely think so," he answered, simply. "But, thank God, I have never been tried with a distrust of any one whom I loved!"



"I wonder how you would bear it," said she, half absently—gazing away from him out of the window.

"Badly enough," he answered. "In fact, I cannot imagine how I would bear it at all. Nothing could be more horrible—more unendurable!" Then, quickly: "Don't let us talk of such things—they are not for you and me. We trust each other, do we not?"

"Yes," answered she, quietly—if he had noticed closely, he would have seen a quick gasp in her throat—"but neither of us can tell how unworthy the other may be of that trust."

"Good Heavens, Nina!" said Ralph. He was quite confounded by this unexpected reply, and for a minute could only stare at the speaker. Then, naturally enough, it occurred to him that such a surprising supposition must refer to himself. "Something certainly is the matter," he said, emphatically, "Nina; will you not tell me what it is? If I have done any thing to pain or annoy you—"

"You done any thing!" interrupted Nina, again. "Ralph, are you mad? You never did any thing in your life to pain or annoy me. It is I who have always pained and annoyed you, who have been cold and ungrateful, and—unworthy of every kind and loving thought that you have ever given me! If you could forget me," said she, meeting his gaze suddenly for the first time, "it might be the best thing that could befall you."

"Nina, you certainly must be ill!" said Ralph. "You would never talk such nonsense if you were not. Why, I never heard any thing like it! Forget you!—I, who have never done any thing but love you since you first came to us! Here!—let me feel your pulse. You certainly must have a fever."

But, instead of extending her wrist again, Nina laid her hand on his shoulder, and looked at him with a steady, wistful air. As she faced him thus, he began to observe, for the first time, the deep shadow in her usually sunny face.

"Ralph," she said, slowly, "do you not see that I shall never be able to make you happy? Dear, we are too unlike. One can do a great deal toward controlling one's self—at least good people say that we can—but one cannot create one's self over again on another model, and that is what I should have to do before I should be able to live your life as your wife should live it."

"What on earth has put such ideas into your head?" asked Ralph, alarmed and puzzled both at once. "If I am willing to take you just as you are, without any creating over again whatever, why should you torment yourself with scruples and ideas like these? When you are married and settled, you will grow to like domestic things better than you do now—but I only desire that change for your own comfort. I love you too well as you are, to see any fault in you."

Nina dropped her hand wearily, and turned from him again toward the window. "If you knew me as I am, you would not love me for an hour," she said. "O Ralph, if you would only give me up, and—let me sink out of your life, you would be so much happier!"

"Nina!" said Ralph, and his voice had a cadence in it which made her start, thinking

she had betrayed herself. Instinctively she drew into the shade, as he bent forward that he might read her face by the full light of the window. "Am I so dull that I have not understood you all this time?" he said, with a strange sort of tension in his tone. "Is it for yourself you have been pleading, while you talked of me? You say that I will find no happiness in our marriage—Nina, are you thinking what you will find?"

She looked up at him half piteously, the fingers of her right hand seeking the engagement-ring which her left hand wore. Now was the golden moment in which to speak, if she meant to speak at all; but face to face with the opportunity, she shrank back, feeling her inability to use it. For Nina was not only a born epicurean—a born seeker and lover of pleasure and delight—but she was also that which all epicureans essentially are—a coward. She shrank from any thing painful, as she might have shrunk from a cruel blow. Looking into Ralph's face—it had grown very pale, and, although the eyes were tender, the mouth was set and almost stern—her heart died away within her. "I cannot, I cannot!" she thought. To do her justice, it was not cowardice alone that sealed her lips. The eyes, gazing into her own, seemed to her excited fancy like an embodiment of all the love and care which had been given to her since the first hour in which the roof of Wyverne had sheltered her helpless orphanhood. Were ever parents kinder or more indulgent than her uncle and aunt, was ever brother more tender, was ever lover more devoted, than Ralph? A vision of her petted, luxurious life rose before the girl. They had given her every thing which was theirs to give. It was for her to decide what should be their reward.

Then even in this foolish and reckless heart, a mighty impulse of self-abnegating gratitude rose. "Ralph," she cried, suddenly, "I was not thinking of myself; I was only thinking of you! I will do whatever you wish, dear; but you must remember that—that I knew how it would be, when I disappoint you in every thing, and make you wretched."

"I am not afraid of that, my darling," said Ralph, with a great wave of gladness coming over his face. He did not exactly understand Nina, having never known her to be seized with a fit of humility before—but a load seemed lifted from him when he found that this was all she meant. Only a fear lest she should make him wretched! He laughed outright. "My pretty one," he said, with caressing tenderness, "even to look at you is enough to bring sunlight and gladness to a man's heart."

"But I shall not be pretty always," said Nina. She almost hated her prettiness at that moment. It was the root of all her trouble. But for the entrancing bloom of her skin, the moist scarlet of her lips, the liquid lustre of her eyes, Ralph would never have desired to marry her, Martindale would never have tarried at Wyverne over fruitless experiments in chemistry, the discontent and eager longing which burned within her like a flame would never have found birth. "If I had been ugly, I should have been domestic,"

she thought, with a momentary yearning for a sallow skin and dull eyes. "Ugly women always are domestic—they have no temptation to be any thing else."

Meanwhile Ralph was saying, with that air of affectionate solicitude which is so delightful when the affection is returned, but so terribly irksome when it is not: "My darling, there is something you must do for me. Did I not hear mother say that you are going with her to Elkbridge for some shopping to-day? Promise me that while you are there you will call and see Dr. Shelton. I am not quite easy about you."

"There is nothing the matter with me," said Nina—"at least nothing which Dr. Shelton can cure. If I went to see him, it could only be to ask if he could 'minister to a mind diseased.' I think my mind *must* be diseased, else I should never have been so foolish as I have been this morning. But I see the carriage coming round, and I have not changed my dress yet. I had almost forgotten that I was going to Elkbridge with Aunt Essie."

She turned away quickly—glad to escape from the eyes which had all of love's eagerness and something of love's keenness in them—and, hurrying out of the room, did not pause until she was safe within the shelter of her own chamber, a cool, bowery apartment with a delicious green light from its half-closed blinds, and a whiff of ottar of roses on the air. On her knees beside the bed, across which a pretty light silk was lying, Nina flung herself—but not to pray. Only to bury her face in the Marseilles counterpane and smother the dry, stormy sobs that were shaking her whole frame.

"What am I to do? Oh, what am I to do?" she panted. "It would be a blacker ingratitude than even I am capable of to leave them, as *he* wishes me to do; and yet—I think I shall go mad if Ralph talks to me and looks at me again as he did a little while ago! To see the love and trust in his eyes, and to think how I have betrayed the one and forfeited the other, is more than I can bear! Oh, what am I to do? To keep my engagement and make myself miserable, or to break it and make him wretched? Yet have I indeed a liberty of choice?" She sprang to her feet and began to pace the floor. "Have they not bought me—these good, kind, tame, stupid people—and paid my value a hundred times over?" Her glance traveled from the silk dress on the bed to a set of pearls—Ralph's birthday present—on the toilet-table. "Surely my red-and-white beauty is not worth a higher price than the lavish indulgence which these things represent. But freedom!—are *they* worthy to be the price of freedom?" Her hands clasped and unclasped nervously; her impatient glance swept round the room as if its walls suffocated her; at that moment she looked like some wild thing of the forest pent within a cage. "It is a good thing that this cannot last long!" she thought, snatching from her white throat a band of velvet, which felt as if it was choking her. "It is a good thing that my wedding-day is only two weeks distant. Whatever is to be decided, must be decided soon; whatever is to be done, must be done before then. What it will be, Heaven only knows. I know nothing."

ing except that I have not courage to be either wholly true or wholly false. Every thing would be easier if I were better, or—worse!”

And little as Nina suspected it, she epitomized her whole character in those words. Every thing would have been easier with her if she had been either better or worse—if she had stood upon a higher or lower plane of action and feeling. As it was, she succumbed to a temptation which a nobler nature would have resisted, while she stood firm where a more selfish nature would have given way, and walked over all obstacles to its end. In the vortex of conflicting circumstance thus created, it was she who was rent and torn by the struggle she had provoked, and out of which came neither victory nor defeat; it was she who learned that to pause midway between good and evil, to strive to reconcile honor and dishonor, truth and falsehood, is the most hopeless problem that a human soul can possibly attempt to solve.

When she came down-stairs to accompany Mrs. Wyverne on the shopping expedition to Elkbridge, no one would have guessed from her glowing cheeks and shining eyes what had given such bloom to the one, such light to the other. “I never saw you looking better, Nina,” said Mrs. Wyverne, as they drove off. “It must be the color of your dress which is so becoming—or else the shape of your hat. We will go to the photograph-gallery while we are in Elkbridge; I have been promising your likeness to my sister for some time. She is anxious to see what Ralph’s future wife looks like.”

“I hope she will be satisfied with Ralph’s taste,” said Nina. “I am not sure of it, however, for photographs never give an idea of complexion; and you know, Aunt Essie, my nose is not straight.”

The shopping did not include any very extensive purchases—for Mrs. Wyverne had too much regard for fashion to patronize to any great extent the shopkeepers and dress-makers of a country-town—but a little of that amusement can readily be spread over a large amount of time, especially with the aid of a few visits, and an hour or two in a photograph-gallery. Therefore, it chanced that the two ladies spent the day in Elkbridge, and that the sun was sinking when they entered the gates of Wyverne. “There is nobody at home,” said Nina, glancing along the front of the house, as they approached. The next instant, however, she started back, for when they stopped Martindale appeared from some quarter, and opened the carriage-door.

“You see there is somebody at home,” said Mrs. Wyverne, with a laugh.—“Are you all alone, Mr. Martindale?” she added, as he assisted her to alight. “We were just saying that the house looked entirely deserted.”

“It has been deserted by every one but me since mid-day,” answered Martindale. “I am to blame for my solitude, however. Ralph invited me to accompany Mr. Wyverne and himself to what he called ‘the lower plantation,’ but I declined, on the score of excessive laziness and excessive heat. In fact, I hoped you would be back in time for our ride,” he said, looking at Nina.

“We were detained in Elkbridge,” an-

swered she, a little coldly. She was busy gathering up the parcels scattered over the seat of the carriage, and did not look at him or notice his extended hand.

“Never mind about those, Nina,” said Mrs. Wyverne, from the shadow of the portico. “I will send Ellen out for them. If you are as tired as I am, you will not care to bother about anything of the kind. I am going to order some iced tea at once. How refreshing it is to get home after such a day!—Don’t you think it is very warm, Mr. Martindale?”

But Martindale did not answer—in fact, he did not hear the question. He was looking at Nina, who at last descended from the carriage somewhat reluctantly, and without his assistance. Her delay was its own punishment, however, for, when she gained the portico, Mrs. Wyverne had disappeared into the house, and she found herself alone with Martindale.

“What is the matter?” he said, quickly, almost imperiously. “What has occurred that you are so changed? Nina, what is the meaning of this?”

“Am I changed?” asked Nina. She gave a short laugh. “If you will come into the drawing-room, I will tell you the meaning of it—perhaps it is better over at once.”

She turned and led the way across the large, cool hall into the drawing-room, full just then of a wonderful sunset glow, which streamed through the wide western windows. As she paused in the centre of the floor, and turned toward Martindale, this glory seemed to surround her like a luminous atmosphere, lighting her hair into more than Titianesque richness, and giving her face a beauty that he never forgot. He almost caught his breath. At that moment he could think of nothing but the loveliness which in this very spot had first fascinated him.

“Nina!” he cried, “if I could only paint you as you stand there now, what a picture it would make! My darling, my beautiful darling, what a sensation you will create in the world!”

“I shall never go into the world!” said Nina, bitterly. It was better to get it over at once, she thought, especially since the old wild thrill leaped into longing life at his words. “That was what I came to say,” she went on, facing him with great, steady, lustreous eyes. “It must all end. I shall never go into the world. I shall stay here and marry Ralph.”

She uttered the last words bravely, though a great choking wave seemed to rise up in her throat. It was as if her own hand rolled a stone to the door of her sepulchre. Stay at Wyverne and marry Ralph! A picture of what her life would be rose before her as she uttered the words. The suffocating sense which had oppressed her in the morning came back. The dreary monotony of days and years seemed stretching before her. Looking at Martindale, she felt a strange mixture of relief and anger to see that he was smiling.

“Stay here and marry Ralph!” he repeated, and her ear caught the vibration of absolute amusement in his tone. “Is that all that is the matter? *Carissima*! you startled me horribly. I feared—I scarcely knew

what, from your manner. Trust to me, sweet one, and don’t disquiet yourself like this. Remember that it is too late to talk of ending anything now. You have placed your life in my hands, and I will take care of it.”

“I have not placed my life in your hands,” said Nina. It was impossible to say whether she felt most strongly repelled or strangely fascinated by this haughty dictation. “I was only mad enough to—to forget what I owe Ralph. But I remember it now. Such a faith as mine is poor indeed to give him, but he thinks it something, and I—I cannot undeceive him. It is better to let him be happy with an unworthy wife, than to make him miserable by telling him what I am.”

“This is all nonsense,” said Martindale, coolly. “I told you, before I had any reason whatever to believe you loved me, that I meant to win you, Nina. Do you seriously think that now—now that you have assured me in word, and look, and tone, of your love—that I will give you up at any bidding under Heaven?”

“You will have no choice but to give me up at my own!” said Nina, becoming haughty in turn.

But he only laughed—laughed as he might have done at the petulance of a child. “Sweetheart,” he said, “is it possible you are so foolish as not to see that you have gone too far to turn back? It is natural that you should feel in this way—I expected it—but it is childish to imagine that, because you opened a dam, you can stop a flood. We may alter circumstances, but we cannot control them. You are mine. It is too late to talk of marrying Ralph Wyverne now.”

“It is not too late for any thing I may choose to do,” said Nina, with a flash of her old defiance. “I have been a fool, I know,” she went on, bitterly. “I have let you amuse yourself with me to the top of your bent”—her lip curled in that self-contempt which, to a proud nature, is of all things on earth the hardest to endure—“but I am not quite ready to let you dictate what my whole life shall be. Our flirtation, or whatever you may choose to call it, is at an end.”

“Our flirtation ended some time ago,” said Martindale, quietly; but she caught a sudden gleam in his eyes as the handsome brows above them knitted. “Our engagement, however, will not end until you are my wife.”

“I shall never be your wife!” said Nina, passionately. It was impossible to understand this girl. She scarcely understood herself—she scarcely knew what she wished, desired, or intended to do. Just then she rebelled against the power which Martindale assumed, as she had rebelled against her life and all the circumstances of it. Ralph’s caressing tenderness came back to her. After all, she was not sure that she did not prefer a subject to a master. “I will never be your wife!” she repeated, with a glow of added color on her face, a flash of new light in her eyes.

“Will you not?” said Martindale. He could have laughed at the foolish coquetry which fancied that it could play fast and loose with him, but he was also angry—so angry, that Nina was startled by the white

sternness which came over his face. "Again I tell you that this is folly!" he said. "I do not doubt that you are like all the rest of your sex—more than ready to make a fool of any man who chooses to give you his love for a plaything—but you will not make either a fool or a plaything of me. *You will be my wife!* I have told you so before, I tell you so again. You do not half know me, Nina, if you fancy that any thing can stand between us now!"

No, she did not half know him. Something like a realization of that came to Nina as she looked at the face before her—a passionate, stern face, with the resolution in its deepening as she gazed, until duller eyes might have read a determination which would heed no obstacles to its end.

"I have brought this on myself," she said. "I have no right to complain. But you have no right to speak so to me. I have forgotten a great deal for you, but I cannot forget every thing."

"And yet that is what you must do!" he said. "You must forget every thing and everybody connected with your past life, and come with me. You must not look back and try to reconcile the past with the future. It can never be!" Then he took her hands and drew her to him—more compellingly than tenderly. "Let us have done with this!" he said. "Nina, you are mine! Do you not love me well enough to be glad of it?"

But Nina drew back.

"How can I be yours," she said, "when I am engaged to Ralph? Surely!" (with a bitter laugh) "I cannot belong to both of you. I say again, that I have been mad and foolish, but I never meant to marry you. You ought to know that."

"You mean that you have been deliberately trifling with me!" said he, a dark fire gathering in his eye, a red flush mounting to his brow.

"If I did mean that," said she, with a flash of spirit, "you would have no right to complain. Did you not intend to trifle with me, when you remained here after having told Ralph that his 'idea' was worth nothing?"

"No," answered he, quietly. "I never meant to trifle with you. I stayed here simply and solely because I loved you and meant to win you."

"And do you call that honorable to Ralph?" said she, indignantly.

"Ralph!" repeated he, contemptuously. "Do you suppose I thought of Ralph? I only thought of you, Nina! Ralph was merely the stepping-stone by which I reached you."

"Poor Ralph!" said Nina. She put her hand quickly to her eyes. What right had she to blame Martindale when she considered how unscrupulously she had used and abused Ralph's great faith in her? A flood of remorse seemed suddenly to rush over her. The handsome, imperious face before her vanished away; Ralph's loving eyes came back. At that moment she forgot the fair, broad freedom of the world which lay beyond these quiet shades. She only thought of the love which had been disregarded, of the trust which had been betrayed. If she walked on to the life which was awaiting her—the life

whose possibilities set her blood in a glow—she felt that she must walk over Ralph's heart. Could she do that? There are many women—some of whom would doubtless think themselves much better than poor Nina—who would not have hesitated an instant over such a necessity. But, with all her faults and impulses, Nina *did* hesitate. In fact, she did more than hesitate. She cried out passionately: "We have both betrayed his trust in us—but I am the most to blame! I can try to atone by keeping faith with him; but, oh, what an atonement it will be!"

"It would be a foolish self-sacrifice that could only end by making him as wretched as it would make you!" said Martindale. "Nina, can you not recognize the folly of all this? Why should you waste your strength against the inevitable? You could as soon call back the sun, which has just set, into mid-heaven, as set aside the consequences which must flow from an accomplished fact. We can none of us escape the necessity of giving as well as of receiving pain. If we paused at every step in life to think what heart we should crush, we would never be likely to advance. You were born to crush hearts!" he said, with a proud, passionate tenderness. "Just now you must choose between mine and Ralph's. Which is it to be?"

"I do not owe you what I owe Ralph," said Nina, looking up.

But, all the same, she felt that she had failed in this first contest of opposing wills.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MARTHA.

THERE lay, one day, in a mean cottage on the outskirts of an inconsiderable village in the state of M—, a middle-aged woman who was known as "Martha," and who was a convalescent. She had been seriously ill with a combination of disorders, but there had now commenced one of those gradual and protracted recoveries that are so exhaustive of the patience of friends.

"When they thought I was going to the next world," reflected the sick woman, with a smile, "they came to see me; but, now that it is clear that I am to remain in this, they forget even to ask for me, and I am left alone."

The effect of a prolonged brooding upon this text was to arouse in her a resolve.

As she lay with her white face turned upward toward the ceiling, and with her eyes closed, her arms extended, and her thin fingers spread apart so that they might feel the cooling air the better, she inwardly communed with herself:

"I must do something," thought she; "I must stir; I must arouse myself; I must get out of this sloth and inactivity; I must be somebody. Let me look at myself fairly. I should like to be married, but there seems to be nobody to marry me. Before they cut off my hair, I used to curl it, which made me a little handsomer; but, now that I cannot do that, I must be pretty ugly. Besides that, I am thirty-five years old; my cheeks have become thin, and I should not be surprised if my skin were left with a disagreeable redness.

No, let me think no more about marriage. Now, I have an income of three hundred dollars each year, which is not half enough for one, and my brother shares it with me. To be sure, it enables me to have a roof, but the roof leaks; it gives me a dress or two, but they are of calico; it pays for a fair quantity of food, but the meat is coarse, and the vegetables are very cheap. My house is spoiling for want of paint, but I cannot afford to paint it; my garden is full of weeds, but I cannot pay to have them pulled up. Therefore, I am going backward. My brother is a sportsman, like Rip Van Winkle; and, like Rip Van Winkle, he does not shoot any thing. I am in debt to my doctor, and in debt to my nurse; and still, with all of these troubles, I have a desire to be more useful and important than I am. Perhaps I am going mad."

She listened; somebody was coming.

There entered a heavy, broad-shouldered man, roughly dressed and roughly conducted. His pantaloons were rolled up to the top of his boots, his coarse coat was covered with soil and dragged at the pockets, and he had a bluish scarf about his neck. His face was heavy and ill-natured, and his long hair was pushed up like a crest, and made him look fierce and combative. In repose, his face was disagreeable; but it was when he attempted to smile that its most sinister expression manifested itself. With him, to be gracious was to be supremely ugly, and, in the present instance, he seemed specially bent upon showing an amiable temper.

He placed his broad hand upon the nearest bed-post, and asked, with interest, in a loud voice:

"Well, and how air ye now, sister?"

The invalid opened her eyes with that timid flicker of the lids which is compelled by sudden light, and replied, in a whisper:

"Much better, Jared, much better."

"Good!" ejaculated the man, with so much emphasis that he made the bed tremble; "I'm glad of it." After a moment's silence, during which the sick woman closed her eyes again, he observed: "I don't know but I'll go into the woods after a few birds. They tell me they're pretty thick over on the other side of the hills, and perhaps a little del'cate meat to stuff in your mouth wouldn't be so bad. I've knowed the time when I'd have relished the ribs of a gray squirrel, and the breast of a quail, myself. It's been ra'in' desp'rate hard, and I'm going to try a pretty tangled bit of ground just round the spur of the mountain. Mebbe I'll stay out all night, and mebbe I won't. I can't tell exactly just now. It depends a great deal on the luck I have, and the weather I meet. Now, I'm dreadful mistrustful of that powder in the horn out there; it's been bought for a month, and I guess that a little damp must have crep' in. S'pose I went down to the village to lay in a stock, a pound or so, might I?"

"Yes," responded the sick woman, adding inwardly, "now he will ask for what he really does want."

"Thank ye, sister," returned the other, after a pause.

Presently he began to retreat backward, meanwhile looking intently at his sister's face. But it was perfectly immovable; its



eyes were closed, and the lips were pressed together. After he had retired out of sight of it, he paused, and put his finger to his lips, as if reflecting. A scowl came over his face. His body swayed as if he were undecided whether to advance again or to go away altogether. His eyes searched the room from top to bottom. He scrutinized every thing, particularly a small bureau, which had been used as a dressing-table; but neither it nor any thing else afforded him any satisfaction. He even rose a little upon his toes, so that he might look over the head-board at the pillows, on which the invalid's head rested. He scrutinized her hands, and the crevices between the mattresses and the bedstead; and, while looking, he preserved his balance by delicately touching the head-board with his forefinger. His craned neck, his open and cavernous mouth, the intensity of his gaze, together with the absolute silence of his movements, made him terrible.

He was disappointed. He sank back again. Then he began to reflect a second time; he appeared to decide upon the use of a little *fineness*.

Another smile began gradually to appear upon his visage; the corners of his wide mouth drew up; two semicircular folds appeared in either cheek, and his eyes diminished. He advanced coughing, and shuffling his feet.

The sister opened her eyes again.

"You hain't fergot the powder, hev ye?" asked the man, in a stertorous whisper. "You said I might buy a pound, and it'll cost just forty cents. And then, besides that, I like to get a little—a little—"

The man at this point grinned tremendously, and, extemporizing a bottle with his closed hand, he threw back his head with a gurgle, and applied it to his lips.

When his head regained its natural position, his eyes encountered those of his sister. They were cool and penetrating. He was impelled by them to explain a little. He cried, rapidly:

"I don't want much, sis; I only want a thimbleful or so. It's going to be freezing cold over there, and the sun doesn't get into those bogs very handy; it's always damp and muddy, and I shall hev wet breeches and a heavy gun, and like as not a big bag of birds to lug 'round. And I'd like to take a little sunthin'."

The sister, without a word, produced from beneath her pillow a black wallet, upon which the man's eyes fastened themselves with great interest.

She opened it, and produced, in copper coin, a quarter of the sum the man had mentioned. She held it out to him, saying:

"That will buy you all the powder you want. I cannot give you any more."

She dropped the money into his outstretched hand; and then, with difficulty, she replaced the wallet whence she took it.

For a moment the man looked furious. He nodded his head violently, and fixed his eyes significantly upon the prostrate woman. He tossed the pennies up and down so that they clinked together.

Then, with a sudden apparent revulsion toward virtue, he cried, with a laugh:

"Your bound for to keep me sober, ain't ye, old girl? You're down on liquor was than ever. I admire ye, I do. 'Spouse ye give me a kiss? I'm off fur the powder."

With mock gallantry, he bent down and presented his bristly face to his sister, and at the same time he dexterously extracted the wallet from its hiding-place. He covered it with his hand, and then arose and withdrew, gayly singing in a coarse and uproarious voice:

"He kissed and he kissed,  
And he kissed his sweet,  
And she stole his heart so bold,  
But he cried, 'My love,  
Mine own true love,  
I value my heart for gold!'"

The kiss awoke curious sensations in the sister's breast. They were new; she had never felt them before. A blush suffused her face, and a sigh stole from her lips. She forgot that the salute was not a gentle one; she was occupied with considering the spirit in which it had been given. She began to upbraid herself that it had not emanated from her rather than from him.

Suddenly, however, a disagreeable thought obtruded itself upon her. She raised her hand toward her pillow; then she hesitated, as if half ashamed. But the hesitation was only momentary; she searched for her wallet. She could not find it. She aroused herself still further, and felt about more perfectly. She convinced herself that it was gone.

Then she lay down again.

At this moment, perhaps providentially, a breeze began to pour down from the hills, and to murmur about the sides and roof of the little house. Its tone was sad. It had the effect of imprisoning the invalid, as it were, within herself. It penetrated to her aching heart. She closed her eyes and lips, and listened. Her pinched and homely features looked thrice pinched and homely in the severe light of the afternoon, but through the lashes of her eyes there filtered two tears which inundated the purplish hollows left by sickness in her face.

Other than this pathetic movement there was none. Her body was entirely tranquil. The peace of the room was absolute.

All this was a solvent. This heartless act of deception on the part of her brother precipitated her full upon her distresses. She beheld them in all their grim and unhappy sternness.

She was ill, she was poor, she was solitary.

She awoke to the fact that she was alone; that there was no hand upon which she could depend; no sympathy from which she could enrich herself. Her self-examination penetrated to the depths; she avoided nothing, winced at nothing, slighted nothing.

She lay thus for an hour, incapable of prayer, or hope, or thought. Her misfortunes seemed to roll over her like the waves of the sea, and to bury her unresisted.

But all this prostration must have its reaction. It commenced at dusk. As evening approached, the rebound began. She closed and unclosed her fingers; there were two hands there. They were stronger than they had been a week ago. She counted over her

five senses. They were intact. She began to take heart. Her brain was clear, even unnaturally so. She was now thinking of things that had never occurred to her before, a sure proof that she had entered upon another plane. She slowly arose from her lethargy. She reasoned, she made plans; in spite of her great feebleness and her great loneliness, her spirit was moving rapidly; her soul was quickening.

A light from within irradiated her features.

She declared to herself: "Only let me get up once more, only let me stand upright upon my feet again, and I will live to some purpose!"

She again opened her eyes and contemplated the bare walls, the shattered furniture, the dragged shreds of dresses, the dust, the marks of the rain upon the ceiling, and the thick grime upon the windows, and she rejoiced that her debasement was so plain, that the proofs of it were so emphatic. It seemed to her that these vivid reminders of her position were thus brought to her notice to work her discouragement. She laughed at them.

When the nurse came, she chatted with her, for she was in excellent spirits.

"You are much better to-day," declared the woman.

"Yes," responded Martha; "I think that I am."

She straightway began to ask questions about the outside world. The nurse put her finger to her lips.

"Not yet, Martha. Not yet. Wait a while; wait a day or two longer."

"Very well," responded the other, and she devoted herself to the task of getting strong.

When she was finally permitted to speak, she was insatiable. Her desire for news of her own community was limitless. What had happened? What were people doing? What was stirring? Had there been many misfortunes or calamities? Was the winter going to be a cold one?

In answer to this last question, the nurse answered with the positiveness and exactness which is common with country gossips. She declared that the coming winter was going to be a cold one, all the signs indicated it. The squirrels had begun to collect their food early, the foxes' fur was growing thicker, and she had heard that the beavers were building warmer houses.

Martha became interested. And how about the poor of the county?

The woman's answer could not have been better. She said that the numbers of the poor were increasing. At the county-farm there were now ten helpless people. It was said that five others were to be sent thither. This would make double the number that usually inhabited the institution; and it was said, pursued the woman, that the county-house was in poor repair.

"Ah," echoed Martha, "in poor repair!"

"Yes, they say that the walls have settled so that they have cracked. This lets the cold wind in pretty freely, and they will have to burn a great deal of fuel. Then the drippings from the elms have caused moss to grow upon

the roof, and the shingles have rotted. And the well must be deepened, the chimneys rebuilt, and all the farm-tools replaced. Besides that, they have only four good chambers; they should have double that number at least."

"Certainly," added Martha, "even eight would be too few. Is there any thing being done to remedy all this?"

The woman believed not. Indeed, she knew there was not. No one seemed to know about it; there was nobody to awaken the people; nobody with spirit enough to go and detail the wants, and to urge that they be supplied. If nothing were done before the cold weather set in, there would be great discomfort and sickness among those whom society was bound to protect. The place of refuge would become a place of danger; the shelter would become a deception.

Having become appreciative of all this, Martha was filled with a grave elation, if it may be expressed thus. She secretly determined to undertake the rectification of the evil.

She emerged from her sick-room in the middle of the autumn. As she looked out from her door and beheld the foreshadowings of winter in the cold clouds, the bare outlines of the lofty hills, and in the splendors of the dying foliage, she declared to herself that she must begin at once.

She planned a grand fair, to which the whole county should contribute. At times this seemed to her to be a most monstrous undertaking. Perhaps three hundred people knew her by sight, but no more. She knew that she was considered unfortunate in being so small, so homely, and so obscure; that she and her affairs entered but rarely into other people's calculations; that her present weight and influence were diminutive.

Still, it was these attributes that gave dignity to her task. Therefore she began it.

She went to work with system. First it was necessary to gain the ear of a group of well-to-do people. She selected those who had the best reputation for charitable inclinations, and, wrapping herself in her warmest shawl, she sought them out. The brother stared on perceiving this new energy, but as the sister had become silent in proportion as she had become active, he had nothing to do but to ruminate.

To her astonishment, Martha was received with open arms. The venerable maids and gentlemen to whom she addressed herself encouraged her with ardor. They were startled by this sudden outcropping of virtue from sterile ground, and they felt abashed that so trifling and so unfamed a creature should thus direct them where to turn their gifts.

They indorsed her. They listened with eager ears to her recital of the woes which overhung the poor, and they heartily promised to aid the enterprise in all ways, by money and by countenance.

Then Martha began to write letters to the county newspapers, to the selectmen of the various towns, and to the pastors of all the religious societies. Before the week was out, she had become noted. In two weeks they began to apply pet epithets to her, and to compare her to Elizabeth Fry. The ministers publicly eulogized her, and people began to

make pilgrimages to her little cottage, and they were accustomed to wonder that such an immaculate kernel should be found at home in such a husk. The jealous and rapacious brother, in the mean time, while lounging amid his pelts and snares in the rear yard, tried hard to fancy how some benefit might accrue to him out of all this stir and uproar.

Martha had six weeks to originate, develop, and advertise her undertaking. It was a very short time, but herein were her zeal and energy declared. Money must be got before the actual bitterness of winter began, and there was a sluggish community to get it from. She pushed matters. Personally she traveled to and fro, over hill and dale, with a borrowed horse, and infused her ardor into every house. Her quick figure, with its straight back, nervous head, and bright eyes, generated bustle wherever it went. Fruit-rooms were opened, ovens began to roar, ancient costumes descended from the garrets, needles flew, imaginations generated a thousand expedients for artful money-getting, and the six towns were all agog. Martha may be said to have adulated the county. She developed a good head for organizing, and her talent for preserving concord was extraordinary.

All through the prolonged ordeal of preparation did the mistress preserve her full dignity and power. She was in the midst of constant puzzles and incipient discords; but she remained completely triumphant. People rejoiced in her. She was never tardy, or lax, or at fault. They consulted with her, praised her, obeyed her. When they reflected, they declared that it was a marvel that so much purity and strength had been hidden so long. The mean surroundings, the wretched cottage, the villainous brother, the poverty—all served as a contrasting shade against which the bright example of the woman appeared in all its fine proportions.

As the time finally approached when her labors were to produce their result, Martha was preëminent. She was at the front and head, and she had attracted to herself an enthusiastic regard. As she had once been forgotten and neglected, so she was beloved and revered now. Events had extracted her from the mire, or, perhaps we should say, she arose from the mire, and people remembered this just long enough to enable them to consider her a woman past all comparison. The small and homely spinster of thirty-five had become a power in the land; but all in a calico gown.

## II.

LATE in the evening on the first night of the fair there recurred to Martha's mind, as she was sitting in her evergreen office, at the head of the immense and crowded hall, what she had determined to do about depositing the bulk of each day's receipts in the town bank. She had a business view of the importance of earning interest, and she had resolved that few hours should slip by that did not yield her a profit.

Her present query was, however, where could the money be deposited so that it would be secure overnight. She thought of several plans, but rejected them one after the other, for sufficient reasons. Then she remembered

that the president of the bank had in his house a safe of great strength, and she determined to take advantage of it for her purpose.

Accordingly, after consulting the other officers of the bazaar, she sent to the different tables and collected the greater part of the various sums which had been taken, and then began to look about her for a trusty messenger. The amount of money was very considerable, and in her eyes it naturally had an extraordinary value. She found no one who impressed her as having the unusual honesty and circumspection required by the circumstances, and so she resolved to perform the errand with her own hands.

It was a little after nine o'clock, and there was a moon, but it was partially obscured. The rooms were filled with throngs of people, and the back of the evening was not yet broken. Purchasers and sellers were alike intent upon their pursuits, and Martha selected the present time as the most favorable one for her little journey.

She carefully secreted her treasure in the bosom of her dress, and, after whispering her intent in the ears of two or three of the most prominent officials, she withdrew to the dressing-room, where she enveloped herself in her outer clothing.

She quitted the hall with its brilliant lights and noisy multitude, and quietly descended the stairs and emerged into the chilling outside air.

The street in front was illuminated for a little way by two lamps on either side of the door of the building. Near the sidewalk were two or three carriages with their drivers and blanketed horses, and there were several loungers walking here and there with no other object than to scrutinize the more fortunate people who entered the hall.

Martha crossed this lighted space with a moderate pace, and quickly became lost to view in the utter darkness beyond.

The president's house was nearly a mile off. The wayfarer looked upon the obscurity as a shield and a protection rather than a danger, and she crept through it as one would have crept through an army of guards.

In five minutes she passed the last house in the village. Beyond the village was a bit of marsh-land, and beyond the marsh-land was a strip of spruce-woods, some of the trees of which hung upon the edges of the banks above the road. The path was somewhat muddy in consequence of recent rains, and there was a penetrating night-wind. Now and then the place was partially illuminated with a whitish dawn of the moon, and in these moments Martha would pause in the dense shadow of some tree until the scene became dark again. She was instinctively on guard against something, and she kept her hand upon the roll in her bosom. She said to herself: "What is there to be afraid of? I am in a little country-town, and there are no robbers. I'll hurry along and get it over with." But it seemed to her that her feet sank too deep in the mud; that her steps were slow and short; that she was a long time passing that rock, and a long time in coming up with this bush. A night-hawk on her right hand petrified her with a scream,

and on her left hand, a falling branch, dropping from limb to limb, froze her blood. Over her head was a vast expanse of broken clouds flying swiftly over the veiled moon, and covering the earth with tremendous shadows; on either side was a tangled wood of lofty trees, eternally producing frightful moans and echoes, and beneath her feet was a morass ankle-deep with soft earth and gloomy pools of freezing water; overpowering volumes of wind poured upon her and blew her garments hither and thither, and confused her. Now and then she had to stop, as if confronted by a wall, and her breath was hard to catch. In the midst of this tumult of sounds and this frowning scene Martha was a pigmy—she was baffled, overridden, and frightened.

Midway in the wood she was seized in a whirlwind. It left her staggering and blinded. Her hair had fallen over her eyes, her limbs had become infirm, and she commenced to weep.

Suddenly the moon burst out with all its radiance. She looked up. Something was in motion close to her. A man was approaching her rapidly. He was running. When he perceived her, he stopped abruptly, and stood erect. Martha joyfully recognized her brother.

"O Jared, Jared!" she cried.

He approached her, but he said nothing.

"I am going to Mr. —'s house," pursued she, eagerly; "I am carrying some money to put—"

She stopped. She was instantly stifled by three things; a sense of imprudence, an instinctive dread of the man, and by the darkness, which returned again. She did not move away, but she trembled. She strained her eyes to penetrate the obscurity, but she saw nothing. The wind returned; a gust burst through the trees, and fell into the road with angry vehemence.

All at once she was tightly seized. Her arms were compressed to her sides, her face was covered, and she was made powerless by a strength enormously superior to hers. It was only for an instant. She was released. A scream arose to her lips, but, before it could pass them, her slender neck was tightly encircled, and she was raised bodily from her feet and dashed into the road.

An hour after this a farmer's horse, travelling into town, stopped close upon her and snorted with fright. The driver leaped out, raised her into his wagon, and drove on at the utmost speed, lashing his beast at every stop, and hallooing at the top of his voice.

But he cooled before he reached the centre of the village, and he drove to the spot where there was the greatest number of lights. This was at the hall. He sent for some of the managers. He told his story, but Martha was faint and speechless. They discovered that she had been robbed. Without making a general disturbance, officers were sent out to search, and Martha was conveyed to her home, being accompanied by two women, who pledged themselves to comfort her.

Her little house had been improved latterly, and it was now orderly and convenient.

A surgeon who was sent for found that the invalid was not more injured than a few bruises and a nervous shock may be said to

injure; further than related to these, there was no cause for alarm. This was told to those who came to inquire, and congratulations and expressions of sympathy were sent back to her.

In all this commotion Martha had said nothing. The officers and nurses excused her by believing that her ideas were confused and disturbed, that she was at present incapable of thought and enunciation.

Where in that little community could there have been a soul more agitated than hers? In whose breast could there have raged a fiercer strife or a deeper commotion? Her body was as quiet as if it were dead; drawn over it was a white coverlid, which was as smooth as if it had never been disturbed; and no sound escaped her but a soft and irregular breathing. These irregularities were caused by the violence of her emotions.

The watchers sat by her until midnight, but she said nothing to them. They reapplied the bandages to her swollen throat, arranged the furniture of the room in its usual order, and then left her for the night, and retired to the next apartment, where they made beds upon the floor.

Even in the complete solitude, Martha's spirit did not break through the tranquillity of her body. Her sufferings were of that intensity that makes the heart flutter and the brain ache, but does not require the limbs to move or the eyes to run with tears.

She was degraded. She had fallen from the pinnacle into the pit, from honor to dishonor, and all in a breath. She was made to contemplate the height from which she had been cast, from the depth in which she lay. Her brother had become a robber. And a robber from his sister. Her integrity was inextricably woven into the mesh; turn which way she might, she saw herself involved and caught. Then there arose in her mind the thought of the coming conflict with justice. Should she play Brutus and surrender her kin, or should she play the martyr and cover him?

She thought of the life-long imprisonment he would have to endure for crime upon the highway—ah, what an infamous Brutus! Then she thought of the fifteen poor and aged wretches at the county-farm, who must suffer in the other case—ah, what a contemptible martyr!

The fates decided for her; the case was taken out of her hands.

The brother, with the rich roll deep in his pockets, must needs want something more. The cold of the woods into which he fled increased his desire, and, as the damp penetrated to his bones, he decided to run the risk of capture to obtain what would make him a happy man. By way of a long *détour* in the depths of the forest, he returned to his sister's house to secure his pipe.

At one in the morning, when all was still as death save the turbulent heart of the invalid, there encroached upon the moonlight which streamed brightly in at the window, a cautious shadow. Martha's head and breast were in deep shade; the bed was half black and half white. She watched this new appearance without danger of being observed. It slowly developed itself and it approached

the pane. With a new convulsion she recognized it.

The man pressed his hands to his temples and stared into the apartment; he saw nothing to frighten him; perhaps he supposed the house was empty. He went away for a little while, and in a moment the keen ear of the sister heard that the doors were being carefully tried; but they were locked, and presently the man returned to the window.

He commenced to raise it with extreme care, thrusting his thumbs under the sash and placing his fingers against the frame to steady his hand. He completed this part of his task without making the smallest disturbance. Then he began to mount the sill. His figure seemed in the moonlight to be Titanic, the white effulgence swelled his proportions to the eye so that they seemed enormous. He moved like a giant, but with the silence of a cat.

When he stood erect upon the floor, his head seemed to touch the ceiling and his shadow to darken the whole apartment. He slowly advanced toward a corner where he had been accustomed to lay his tobacco. His broad shoulders, his protruded head, his mop of tangled hair, his outstretched hands, would have carried terror into any other heart than that of the sister; hers was too occupied with sorrow to admit of fear.

He felt upon the shelf in the corner. He got nothing. Then he pulled out a drawer. The same result. A slight whisper of exasperation burst from his lips; otherwise he was silent. He looked all about the room as if puzzled. His eyes ran over every thing, even the broad surface of the bed, but they were not arrested. He thought he was alone. He began to consider what risk there would be in penetrating to the other apartment.

Suddenly he paused; he was startled. He leaned forward, turned his head to one side, and pressed his fingers over his lips. He was standing in the full glow of the moonlight. The sister also stopped breathing. There were footsteps outside. All at once like a thousand thunders loud blows were delivered upon both doors.

The man ran upon his toes toward the window, but stopped when half-way, and turned around again. He hesitated, and then hastened toward the other window. He acted like a rat in a cage; he found bars and obstacles in all directions.

The two women in the other room were unbolting the rear-door; he heard the chain fall and the latch raise. All at once, he seemed to remember something. He made a quick stride toward the bed and stooped down. At this instant, the sister arose to a sitting posture, thus bringing herself into the moonlight. The two exchanged glances. The brother perceived the eloquent bandages and the discolored face, and the sister perceived signs of abject terror in the brother's pallid cheeks. There was no time for second thoughts. Hands were laid upon the door which led from the adjacent room. Martha lay down again, the brother crept into the narrow space between the mattress and the floor. When the door opened all was quiet.

Three men entered. The foremost had a lantern. They advanced hastily to the centre



of the room. They looked around them and saw Martha lying upon the bed. They began to retreat again, but the principal hesitated, and, taking off his cap, said:

"We are hunting for the man who robbed you, ma'am. We think we know who it is. Is there any one here?"

"No," responded Martha, "there is no one here."

The man raised his head in surprise. He paused a moment.

"Has there been any one here?"

An instant's silence.

"No."

The tone of this "No" would have deceived Satan. It was compounded of gentleness, impatience, and dignity, and withal it was positive.

The man waited a quarter of a minute, meanwhile mechanically rubbing off the oil from the brass rim of his lantern with his forefinger. Then he said in an undertone, "Thank you," and went out and closed the door behind him.

After all was again quiet, Martha leaned over the side of her bed and called, in a trembling voice:

"Jared, Jared!"

There was no reply. She pushed aside the edge of the coverlid which secreted the floor, and a rush of damp air, which had an earthy smell, arose into the room. Then she remembered that there was a trap-door beneath her which led to the cellar, from which there were several outlets. By these means her brother had crept away.

She had arrayed herself with him, and against authority. She, the reformer, the warm-hearted, the benevolent, the admired Martha, had interposed herself between a criminal and his deserts. Her high principles had fallen at the first attack. She had emerged from obscurity only to commit a crime. Her efforts to do good had resulted only in doing bad. With an indescribable sinking of the heart, she fore-dreamed the tales which must grow out of the circumstances; she knew that people would say, "All this is a conspiracy."

The next day one of the nurses ran in, crying in a jubilant tone:

"They have caught him, they have caught him!"

"Whom?" asked Martha, "whom have they caught?"

"The rob—" began the other. She stopped midway in the word. In her haste to communicate the intelligence, she had forgotten a vital point. She turned scarlet and stammered, and then went away, angrily upbraiding herself.

### III.

On the succeeding morning the culprit was brought in to a preliminary examination. The play-court was held in the dim old parlor of the justice's farm-house. All the countryside was stagnant for half a day. Nothing was done in the kitchens or the fields, for all the men and women came to see what great things were to be enacted. The history of the crime had flown out far and wide. Coupled with it were gratuitous tags like these: "Don't you see? He was her brother."

"Was it not strange that they should have met so upon a lonely country road?"—"Notice; she was not hurt much!"—"Then there was the lie she told!"—"What fools they were to believe her!" The women with one accord detected flaws in the best acts that she had performed. Now that she had come to the ground, they pointed out the faults in her flight. She had not been energetic, but presuming; not eloquent, but glib; not shrewd, but crafty; not meek, but hypocritical; not charitable, but villainous. Now that she had sinned with a mask of great virtue upon her face, how abhorrent was the defection! Every individual was concerned, for every individual had given something. She had put her hand into everybody's pocket; it was this man's labor, this man's money-subscription; this woman's needle-work, this woman's cookery; this child's decorative painting; this child's doll's outfit—and thus all hearts were turned to gall.

At one end of the herb-scented keeping-room sat the robber, beside the justice and two constables. The rest of the apartment was filled to the utmost with the people who were waiting. They did not care much for this criminal, they wanted the other one.

The women had come in their best, and so had the men. They wore colored feathers and ribbons, and stiff coats. It was a grim holiday, but it was a holiday nevertheless. Every face was full of cynical antagonism, and the air was heavy with bitterness. They wanted to see how this wretch would bear herself, how she would act and look now. They waited breathlessly. Some stood in the entries, and some hung upon the winding-stairs, looking in at the open doors.

Would she be brought in, or would she walk in? Would she dare to look them in the face, or would she keep her mean eyes down? Would she appear in her new finery, or would she bid for their sympathy with her faded dress? Would she try to explain in a brazen voice, or would she pretend to weep? Would she slyly show bandages, or would she shock them with an exhibition of her hurts and bruises?

Why was this delay? How much longer must they wait? Was she obstinate, or was she going to disappoint them altogether? They rustled and exchanged whispers, and aroused each other.

Suddenly it was found that Martha was present. She had entered under the shadow of an officer who had escorted her from her home.

She went and stood beside her brother. He was terribly shackled. She saw nothing of him but his broad back and his limbs; he hung his head so far down that his hair fell over his face like a fringe.

The crowd fixed its hundred eyes upon her. Martha was very pale, and the energy that she had lately gained had been dissipated. She remained standing. She gathered her old shawl over her bosom and folded her hands at her waist. At first she had attempted to keep her head raised, but it sank in spite of her. The burning gaze ate out her vigor. Her limbs trembled, her shoulders drooped, her lips quivered, and her heart beat more languidly. She was abashed and terrified.

All that she had done had gone for naught. Not an atom of pride remained to lighten the heavy spirit. Her scared soul wanted to fly away and hide itself. Her tired brain tried hard to form a prayer, but it could lay hold of nothing. Thoughts escaped from her, decision fled, courage failed. These fearful eyes absorbed her, and destroyed her. Nothing remained but the simple and infirm body. Her white lips played feebly together, her gray hair stirred in the breath from the window, and her pale hands were folded as if they would never separate.

The justice began to ask questions, in a subdued voice, of several persons who stood up successively. One man made the people laugh by the quaintness of his replies. Martha and her brother seemed to pay no attention. But the people were waiting for better things; they were savagely curious to hear the woman explain, or palliate, or confess, or do something, no matter what it was. They stared at her with great intensity.

Her turn came.

Every man parted his lips and leaned forward. All breathed softly. Each heart had steeled itself against the seduction of meek words and a low voice.

Martha could use no others. The people exchanged looks of contempt, and then turned to listen again.

By a series of detached whispers she told her story. She secreted nothing. Her tremulous lips formed and reformed the tardy words, and she sighed them into the silent air.

It became necessary for her to find a support, and suddenly feeling for it she laid her hand upon her brother's shoulder. Had it been a shelf, she would have put it there all the same.

The prisoner's head began visibly to shake to and fro. Martha was made to detail the encounter in the forest-road. She did so with a look of inexpressible anguish, but she did so faithfully. Another nail in her cross! She was convicting her own flesh and blood. There was a loud murmur from the audience of critics. The shuffling of feet and the movement of garments may be made to mean a hiss.

"Then," said the justice, with a tone of involuntary severity, "you identify your brother as the man who assaulted you and robbed you."

The man stopped shaking his head. Martha tried thrice to reply; each attempt was a breath of silent air and no more; her lips refused their office. There was a total pause. She exerted herself a fourth time, and raised her head. "Yes."

Indescribable whisper! It was the last effort of a dying sense of justice; the final struggle of purity against a too tender heart; the last courageous grasp of a conscience overflowed by a tide of pity.

Who appreciated the agony it cost to make it? Only one. Who thought it a bid for public favor? All but one. A sneer instantly arose from every part of the room.

Martha shrank and trembled so violently that her hand shook.

All at once the huge monster bounded to his feet, and, glaring around upon the frightened people, he bellowed:

"Look at me! What are ye looking at her for? Did she do it? No, she didn't! I done it!" (With a motion of his head he threw his hair back from his red face.) "What's turned you agen her and set ye barkin' at her? 'Twarn't long ago that ye hung round her like bees to a hive, and now you're treatin' her was than you're treatin' me! Hev ye disremembered what she tried to do fur ye? Didn't she get out of a sick-bed where she was nigh to death, and work and work for the good of the poor and needy! She warn't strong; she was a little thing; she warn't comfortibly dressed, but she had pluck to her! Rain didn't stop her; and distance didn't stop her; and weakness didn't stop her; and discouragements didn't stop her! And you knowed it! And what did she do it fur? Fur money? No! Fur honor? No! Fur love of meddlin'? No! She done it because she loved the pore and needy. The pore and needy was very pore and needy. She heered of it, and she rose up to help 'em. She knowed by feelin' what hunger and cold was. She knowed where the pinch come." (The man looked around, and saw that he had done something. He went on rapidly.) "Is this thanks? Is this backin' of her up? She hain't earned no such looks as these. She don't desearve hiss'n'. It's me. Ye've got turned round. Give her the best ye have; and give me the worst ye have." (He suddenly broke out with a harsher voice on another strain.) "Look at me." (He shook his handcuffs.) "The police knowed who the rascal was. Ever since I found out that there was a fair goin' to come off I kept my eyes open. I knowed there would be money somewhere, and I opined that she would have some of it in charge. I watched her. I saw her come out of the buildin', and I crep' along behind her." (The man's attitude sent a chill throughout the room.) "It was dark. I run past her unbeknown, and then come back again. She was frightened at the storm, and she was glad to see me. She thought I would purtect her. Did I purtect her? No, I didn't. I put out my right hand, this way, I tuk her by the throat—I could almost put my fingers round her neck, it was so small—and I tuk the money from her, and then I raised her up and shut my hand tight, like that, and throwed her down into the mud and water!" (With an inhuman look the man made a rapid downward gesture with his manacled hands. A cry of rage burst from every mouth. Martha tugged at his sleeve with both hands, crying, half in terror and half in sorrow, "Jared! Jared!") "And what did I go back to the house that night fur? Fur my pipe? Was it fur my pipe? How d'ye know it was fur my pipe? There was a witness against me. Ken ye guess now why I went back? I knowed she was there somewhere. They almost ketched me; they kem in at the door; I hid. She—she says 'No, he ain't here—'" He was interrupted by a rapid and almost overpowering rush of people toward him. The constables interposed; he drew himself up, and, looking over their heads, he laughed. His speech had succeeded; he had drawn the thunder upon himself. Without the slender barricade stood a mob ready to tear him to pieces. He turned around and embraced his sister. He did so

by dropping his handcuffed hands over her head. The steel grated in her ear, and pressed upon her shoulders. He explained what he had done. He was taken away while Martha was still clinging to him, plunged in grief.

Not a moment elapsed before the tide of kindness began to flow up about the philanthropist again. No caresses were too marked for her, and no thanks and praises too significant.

Her brother's trial took place two weeks later, and she was sustained through her part in it by the sympathies of a hundred friends. She advised his counsel of what false self-condemnation he had been guilty, and the story was made to have its weight with the jury. His offense was, however, severely punished, and he was removed at once to his place of confinement.

At the expense of all this were the poor of the county warmly housed. The money which was recovered by the capture of her brother was placed at Martha's disposal, and she proceeded with her old plans. Having completed the task, she retired to her cottage, which she never left except when she went to carry to her brother, on certain holidays, the fruits of her little garden. Nothing could be more sincere than the respect in which she was held by those who knew her, and wherever she was, whether with a trowel and gloves among her sunny flower-plots, or with her needle at her thin, small window, she was never without a friend.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

## WEDDINGS IN TANGIER.

**O**CCASIONALLY in the evenings, I was startled by the sounds of gun-firing, accompanied by music of a particularly doleful nature, and a series of shrill, wailing cries, that seemed to betoken the occurrence of some event of a particularly startling and grievous nature.

The first time I heard it I thought it was a rebellion, and was much disturbed in my mind, not knowing how it might fare with strangers and unbelievers on such occasions; but, finding nothing particular occurred, I concluded it was only a murder or a funeral. On inquiry, however, I ascertained that these startling and melancholy sounds only betokened that a wedding was taking place. I inquired if a wedding were considered an occasion of mourning and lamentation; but was informed that, on the contrary, it was considered a subject of much rejoicing.

This somewhat excited my curiosity, and, hearing one evening that a wedding was going on, I sallied forth with Selam and the lantern to see the procession of the bride to her husband's house, which is the only public ceremonial attending these events in Morocco. The bridegroom is not supposed to have seen his future life-companion until she is brought on the appointed evening and left at his house, by the male mutual friends of the contracting parties; that is, of the bridegroom and his father-in-law to be, the bride being an altogether irresponsible, and supposed to be uninterested party in the transaction.

This particular wedding was between a military official of high rank, and the daughter of one of the richest Moorish merchants in Tangier; and the event was, therefore, supposed to be one of considerable importance, and was being celebrated on a scale of unusual magnificence. I may add that the gentleman was getting married for the first time, a circumstance which gave a little additional interest and consequence to the event in Tangier.

We first proceeded to the residence of the bride, which was situated down a particularly dark, narrow, and dirty lane; being directed to the spot by the sound of the discharge of fire-arms proceeding from that direction. The lane on either side was lined by a row of well-dressed Moors, each carrying a lantern and squatting on the ground; these were the principal friends of the two families about to become united. At the door of the house a band was playing, the instruments of which consisted of drums about as resonant as a parchment battledore when struck by the knuckles, and flageolets nearly as good as penny whistles. Tune, I could discern none, it was only a continual monotonous "tum-tum-tummy, tum-tum-tummy," accompanied by a "whee-whee-whee, whee-whee-whee." At the entrance to the lane some dozen ragged, half-naked fellows, armed with long guns, were rushing and jumping about, shouting and firing off their weapons as rapidly as they could discharge and reload them.

We waited until my patience was well-nigh exhausted, before the bride was brought forth. At length, a great screaming of women's voices was heard from inside the house. There is a peculiar cry which the Moorish females utter on these occasions; I do not know its import, but it sounds like "A—yee! ah-ye, ah-ye, a—yee!" It is shrieked at the very loudest and shrillest pitch, and is one of the most hideous sounds I have ever heard proceed from the human larynx. Then the friends with the lanterns all rose to their feet, the "tum-tum-tummy" and the "whee-whee-whee" became louder and brisker, while the gentlemen with the long guns rushed and shouted with still greater energy, and discharged their fire-arms with redoubled celerity. The door opened, and, by the light of the lanterns and a couple of flaring candles held by negro slaves, we could see a large square box, about the size of an ordinary tea-chest, with a pagoda-shaped top, all covered with white muslin, lace, and gay-colored silks, brought forth. A mule decorated with crimson trappings was standing in readiness, and on this animal's back the box was with much difficulty and great exertion hoisted. The bride was in the box. I listened, expecting to hear small shrieks and screams, as I am sure would have been the case if even the pluckiest English girl were shut up in a box and hoisted on the back of a mule; but I could hear none, or if there were any they were drowned by the horrible noise made by the women within, the musicians, and the firing. Besides the bride, there was a little boy, I was told, within the box, to keep her company, and also as a happy prognostic of the future. She was supplied, in addition, with a plate of sweetmeats to while away the time, and also for the comfort and consolation of

the small boy, in case he should become fractions during confinement. Round the top of the box was tied a richly-embroidered silk sash, the bride's, to denote that she was within. This garment, always worn by Moorish women, she would not again assume until eight days had elapsed from her marriage.

The box having been got up on the back of the mule, the procession set off. The box was fastened in some way in its position, but, of course, it was impossible to make it really secure, so two men walked on either side, holding it up. Even then, as the mule slipped over the huge stones and scrambled through the deep holes and ruts in the street, the machine "wobbled" from side to side, in a manner that must have been most distressing and alarming to the unfortunate creature within, who had probably never been,\* even in the safest possible position, on the back of any animal in her life before. The musicians came after, and then the friends with the lanterns formed a long procession behind. The men with the guns ran on in front, shouting and dancing; every now and then turning round and running back to fire a volley, as close up to the mule's head and the box as they could manage. The mule was doubtless accustomed to it, he had probably carried many unfortunate brides on his back before; but I could not help thinking what must be the effect on the nerves of a girl, who, in all probability, had never crossed the threshold of her father's door since she was grown up.

In this way she was carried through all the principal streets of the town, the procession stopping for a few moments at the doors of the mosques, where some extra volleys were fired. After being paraded thus for a couple of hours, she was brought to her future home. Here there was another assemblage of women, the married female relations of the bridegroom, who received her with the hideous shriek of "Ah—yee! ah-ye, ah-ye, ah-ye, ah—yee!" The bridegroom, except in rare cases, when the family of the bride is of much higher rank than his own, does not come even to the door to meet his newly-made wife, but remains shut up in his own chamber.

The box being carried in, and the door shut, the friends dispersed. The musicians remained to perform for an hour or two longer; and an occasional shot was fired outside the house, to give notice of the presence of the men with the guns. At intervals small sums of money were sent out; when this ceased, and there appeared no prospect of further remuneration, all retired and left the neighborhood in peace.

Weddings are very frequent in Tangier, and make night hideous with their noise. All except the very poorest are accompanied with gun-firing and music. When these luxuries are beyond the means of the families, the women shriek ten times more to make up for

the deficiency. This is a cheap noise, and noise appears to be the great desideratum at these celebrations.

No religious ceremony takes place, as far as I could ascertain, in connection with marriages in Morocco, beyond the bridegroom saying a certain number of prayers, in one of the mosques, previously. The fattening of the bride is the only preparation on her part for entrance into the "holy state." For this purpose, from the time of her betrothal, she is confined to one room, not permitted to take any exercise, and compelled to swallow large quantities of *kaksoo* every day. This system, pursued steadfastly for a few weeks, brings her into a condition of what is considered in Morocco becoming obesity. I have heard of an intended bride so fat that she was unable to stoop to pick up her pocket-handkerchief when she dropped it, and who could with difficulty move across the room without assistance.

Another curious custom observed on these occasions is, that the bride is not permitted to leave her bed for eight days after her marriage; nor, though she is visited all this time by all her married female relations and friends, may she open her eyes or speak. On the eighth day she gets out of bed for the first time; her sash is put on (with this exception, she has always appeared in full dress); she opens her eyes, speaks, and walks round her house.

This occasion is made a great gala of, and the house is thrown open to every one—of course of the female sex—who wishes to come in.

Taking advantage of the custom, I, with some English friends, one of whom had been long resident in Tangier, could speak Arabic, and was in the frequent habit of visiting Moorish ladies in their prison-homes, visited the young lady whose wedding-festivities I had previously witnessed, on the auspicious eighth day when she first assumed her rightful position in her household.

We found the hall-door of the mansion open, but strictly guarded by a couple of negro-women slaves, who were engaged in a perpetual struggle with a number of street-boys, apparently bent on making a forcible entry. None, however, were admitted above six or eight years of age.

We were received with great *empressment* and cordiality by the black portresses, one of whom ran in before us to announce our coming. We found the narrow entrance-passage, and the portion of the *patio* immediately within, filled with a little throng of women, standing, mostly Jewesses, and all apparently of a very low class.

Directly opposite the entrance was the bride's chamber, the doors of which were open. Outside it were seated, on common wooden chairs, in very awkward attitudes, and evidently in extreme discomfort, some half-dozen Moorish ladies. These were the overflow of the bride's female friends and relatives, who could not be accommodated within the chamber, and whom pride of position would not permit to squat, after their usual habit, on the floor of the *patio*, among the slaves and musicians, and in the presence of strangers of other races. But the situation was evidently, to them, one of painful dig-

nity. They tried to sit very straight and upright, though it was plain that some felt themselves in extreme danger of falling off. They kept their feet tucked up on the rungs of the chairs, their elbows squared, and their hands spread out and resting on their knees.

Within the chamber, which we were invited to enter, were some twenty more ladies, seated, according to their own mode, on the ground. The room was so dark, having no windows, that we could scarcely see; and so narrow that, though the ladies sat close to the wall, it was with difficulty that we could pass between them. The atmosphere was suffocating with the scent of ottar of roses, musk, and other heavy Moorish perfumes. The walls, besides silk draperies, were all hung with the bride's trousseau, consisting of robes and jackets of silk and velvet, many heavily embroidered with gold and silver; and at one end there were piled up to the ceiling large pieces of rich silks and stuffs, a portion of the trousseau not yet made up into wearing-apparel. At the other end was the bride's bed; which was in fact a portion of the room curtained off, within which mattresses were piled up, about three feet from the floor. The draperies were all rich silk, and muslin trimmed with lace, and the curtains were looped back so as to admit of our seeing within. Here the bride, the especial object of our curiosity, was seated, with three of her friends.

The bride might have been a pretty girl, if her face had been washed and she were dressed in a cotton frock. As it was, she was a hideous and ludicrous object; and at the first sight of her I found it very difficult to suppress my inclination to risibility, and preserve the proper and becoming demeanor, of mingled gravity and admiration, with which I observed she was regarded by her friends and relations. Nothing of her shape or figure was visible through the enormous mass of clothes in which she was enveloped. Her head was bound and turbaned round with bands of silk, from which depended strings of pearls, and gold beads and ornaments of every kind; some so heavy that she must have found it a matter of difficulty to hold up her head, particularly as her neck was loaded in the same manner. She had certainly several pounds' weight of jewelry hanging on her shoulders and chest. Her wrists too, as much as could be seen of them, were encumbered with massive manacles of gold and silver, while every one of her fingers was covered with rings up to the first knuckle. Her face was painted thickly white all over, and her cheeks then coarsely daubed with vermilion. The lids of her eyes and her eyebrows were blackened, the latter being thus brought to meet above her nose. But the most ridiculous and repulsive part of the "get up" were two triangular patches, about the size of half-crown pieces, upon the lower part of her cheeks, ingeniously painted in a pattern of various colors. She had a star of the same on her forehead between her eyes, and another on her chin. Over all was thrown a veil of net, poorly embroidered, through which her dress, and as much of her person as her elaborate adornments left uncovered, were visible. She sat perfectly still; so still that, with all her paint and

\* When the Moorish women are compelled, by change of residence or other circumstance, to travel any distance not practicable for a foot-journey, they always ride on camels, and so disguised in clothes that their sex to a casual observer would be a matter of conjecture. The occasions of such journeys are, however, so rare that, when a girl of seventeen gets married, it is reasonable to infer that she has never been on horse- or mule-back before.



fantastic gowgaws, she might easily have been mistaken for a waxen figure; the occasional raising of her eyelids, which were almost immediately dropped again, failing to give more animation to her expression than the same ingenious performance on the part of a big wax-doll, when its string is pulled, gives to it. Her eyes, when they were open and we could see them, were as vacant and expressionless as the orbs of one of Madame Tussaud's *chef-d'œuvres*.

One of the bride's friends who sat in the bed with her, was a married sister-in-law, an enormously fat, but handsome young woman. She was a noted beauty in Moorish society, I was told, and a great favorite with her husband, a rich man who indulged her much in *kaskoo*, fine clothes, and slaves. So totally devoid of all intelligence and animation was her countenance, that, looking on her, some vague belief in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls arose in my mind. She reminded me of nothing so much as of a handsome, fat, dull, contented cow; an animal placidly happy in its well-fed, irresponsible existence. Another of the friends in the bed was a scraggy, vivacious old woman, tremendously bedizened in gaudy silks, tawdry laces, and trumpery jewelry. She, I was informed, was a Frenchwoman from Algeria, who had been married young to a very rich Moor. Regarding the entire assemblage of Moorish ladies, I may observe that almost all the young ones were painfully obese, while the old ones were as distressingly shrivelled and haggard. Whether the cause of this is, that the lords and masters of the beings who have the misfortune to be born women in Morocco, when their wives are passed the one sole purpose for which, according to Mohammedan ideas, they are called into existence, cut them down in their supplies of *kaskoo* to a bare sufficiency, I cannot tell. It looks like it. The only little bit of inconsistency, however, in Moslem domestic institutions is, that though old wives are regarded as only so much worthless lumber by their husbands, old mothers are held in some respect and affection by their sons. This probably accounts for the fact of old women being kept alive at all.

One alone, among the number of Moorish ladies present, appeared to be possessed of some energy and intelligence. She was a thin, worn, middle-aged woman, whose face bore evident traces of former beauty. Her bright, restless eyes contrasted forcibly with the heavy, languid orbs, of the rest; and there were lines of thought about her forehead, and indications of sensibility, latent determination, and mental force, in the expression of her mouth; for which I looked in vain among the spiritless, vacant faces of the others. But I am bound to confess that her countenance was entirely wanting in that placid contentment which characterized the physiognomies of her companions. Prefectness, irritability, and discontent, were plainly written in her face instead. She looked about as comfortable, and satisfied with her lot, as the laughing hyena caged at the Zoological Gardens, does with his. She was an elder married sister of the bride's, and consequently was somewhat in command on the present occasion. I noticed that she "harried"

about, and scolded, with immense energy, the negro-slave woman in attendance; evidently finding in this some outlet for her suppressed powers.

All the ladies seated within and without the bride's chamber were married, and wore, as a distinguishing badge of their condition, a deep band of black silk bound tightly round their foreheads, outside the silk kerchiefs and high, embroidered silk caps with which their heads were also covered. Nothing of their hair was visible, save one, or sometimes two, long, plaited tails, that hung down, interwoven with ribbons or silk twist, from underneath the coverings. These tails, I was informed, were altogether, or in great part, false. The ladies' costumes, besides, consisted generally of an inner garment of silk or cloth, of some bright color, made with wide sleeves, and buttoned from the throat to the ankles; outside this, a similar garment of coarse, white, embroidered net, or muslin, with a thick, stiff, embroidered sash, some inches wide, bound round the body below the hips. Some had, in addition, embroidered silk or cloth jackets of various colors, or scarfs thrown loosely round the body. All were painted more or less; and the younger ones were loaded—heads, necks, arms, and fingers—with ornaments. The majority of these ornaments were of native manufacture, heavy, clumsy gold and silver work, interspersed with jewels; but, though some of the emeralds and pearls were large, few were good, and many comparatively worthless. The wearers seemed utterly devoid of knowledge or taste on the subject; quantity, not quality, appearing to be the one object in view. Mixed with the native ornaments, which were all genuine, I noticed several specimens of English manufacture—the very poorest and most trumpery production of "Brummagem" art in this direction. Quite in keeping with this was the fact that each lady wore, stuck in her handsome silk-embroidered sash, a wretched colored-cotton pocket-handkerchief, of the true charity-school-child type. They appeared infinitely proud, however, of these pocket-handkerchiefs, and took every opportunity of displaying them. The embroidered net, of which the outer dresses of some were composed, was of the coarsest and commonest description; and the muslin of which others were made was that cross-barred kind popular in England for window-blinds. This mixture of exceeding richness with exceeding meanness gave to their toilets an appearance of ludicrous incongruity, of which, however, they seemed totally unconscious, and were all evidently in a state of the highest satisfaction with every thing they wore, especially with their cotton pocket-handkerchiefs. Our attire excited a good deal of comment and remark among them; but I don't think that they admired the dark stuffs of which most of our dresses were composed, or our black straw or felt hats, at all more than we did their vulgar gowgaws. One of our party wore a bonnet, and some artificial flowers in this were objects of much curiosity and some admiration; and a few costly rings which another lady had on were regarded very favorably.

Time, of little value among any of the Moors, appears to possess none at all to the women. On our first entrance, we had been

told that the ceremonial of investing the newly-married young lady with her sash, and showing her her house, would take place immediately. We had remained nearly an hour, and still no movement to commence the performance was visible. The Moorish ladies still squatted contentedly, staring at us, most of the time in complete silence; a couple of them were asleep, and one or two others whispering a little among themselves. A group of old hags, in a corner of the *patio*, kept up a perpetual "tum-tumming" with some horrid drums, or screamed and droned in concert, with their shrill, cracked, or hoarse old voices, what was intended for a festive melody. These were the musicians, and their performance was supposed to be of a highly enlivening and entertaining character. The place was terribly crowded; and, as the *patio* was not open, but covered in, with a skylight at the top, it became insupportably hot and stifling. Added to the heavy and sickening Moorish perfumes, which all the ladies used, in quantities that rendered the atmosphere most disagreeable, odors of some horrible kind of food in preparation now began to steal upon our nostrils in vapors that nearly overwhelmed us. One or two of our party gave in and retired, but the rest of us were determined to persevere, and remain to see what we had come to see, though we had long ago arrived at the conclusion that visiting Moorish ladies was a most uninteresting, not to say disagreeable, employment.

We were now informed that the bride's progress round her mansion was postponed until after dinner, but we were entreated to remain and witness it, which we consented—*with*, as I have said, one or two exceptions—to do.

Presently there was a good deal of bustle. All the ladies who were seated outside on the chairs got up, evidently with great relief, and, going into the room, squeezed themselves in among their friends there. The slaves came round, bearing a large brass basin, a ewer of the same material filled with water, and towels. All the ladies washed their hands, very slightly, though I must say that their hands looked as if they would have borne much more considerable ablutions without damage. Next, three small, round tables, standing on legs only a few inches high, were brought in. One of these was placed on the bed, between the bride and her companions there; the two others on the floor of the room; and round these latter the ladies gathered in circles. Then the slaves brought in three large dishes of some kind of stewed meat with *kaskoo*; one dish was placed on each table, and the ladies began their repast. Bread was handed round in baskets, and each took a large hunch. Plates, knives, forks, or spoons, there were none; each fair feeder dipped her hand into the dish and helped herself to a mouthful as she pleased. Once I counted eight hands in one dish at a time. They ate enormously. I particularly observed the fat, handsome young woman next the bride in the bed. She ate in a slow, languid fashion, but steadily and unceasingly, and so got down as much food as would have served a dozen ordinary healthy Englishwomen for a meal. The stews and *kaskoo* being disposed of, the dishes were replaced with one contain-

ing roasted fowls; and on these the ladies again "fell-to," with renewed vigor. The carving was a simple process. The fowls were very much done; so a lady, seizing one, tore the limbs asunder with her fingers, and presented a piece to each of her friends, as far as it would go, reserving one for herself; and so with the rest. Teeth were freely employed to tear the flesh from the bones; and, even by Frenchmen, I never saw cleaner picking done. The bones, when picked, were thrown back on the dish among the meat. The sight was certainly a novel one to me, but not altogether pleasant. A small boy with a shaved head—all the little Moor-boys' heads are shaved, though they don't wear the fez generally until they are nearly grown up, a custom by no means adding to their personal attractions, as most of the Moorish children are afflicted with sore heads—whose presence, as he was the only child of the party, I did not then understand, made himself very troublesome during the meal. He had been there all the time, and, like us, had got very weary of the monotony of the entertainment, and, boy-like, had displayed his weariness in every unpleasant manner that he could devise. He clambered about among the ladies, pulled their clothes, dragged at their jewels, cried, kicked, pinched, and generally misbehaved himself. Once he tried to creep out of the room and get away, but was espied in the act by a slave, captured, and brought back. He then went to sleep for a time in a lap, but woke up when the dinner was served, and renewed his misconduct. He was evidently not supposed to share in the banquet; but he employed himself creeping round on all-fours among the ladies, and, whenever he saw an opportunity, wriggling himself in, and snatching a portion from a dish. The ladies all regarded his behavior with the greatest patience and complacency, except the intelligent-looking one, who administered several severe but quite unheeded lectures to him. Another diversion during dinner was occasioned by the sudden entrance into the *patio* of a negro-boy, the outer door having been left insufficiently guarded while the slaves were occupied serving the meal. He jumped about, screaming with delight, and calling to some of his companions, who had come through the passage and were peeping in, but afraid to venture farther, to follow his example. This profane intrusion—the boy was a tall lad of fourteen or fifteen—caused great consternation and excitement among the ladies. The slaves were screamed to, and these, rushing forth, proceeded to eject the uninvited and unwelcome visitor. But the boy succeeded for some time in eluding the activity of the slaves, who chased him round and round the *patio*, he screaming and gesticulating in defiant delight all the time. At last he was caught and hustled out, and the door fastened to prevent the recurrence of the mischief, when the ladies returned to their feeding, the slaves receiving a severe reprimand for their carelessness from the energetic sister of the bride above mentioned.

When the dinner was over, the ladies washed their hands again; but in the same inadequate manner as before. We had then to wait during the tedious process of the musicians feeding on *kaskoo*. It was a sore

trial to patience. I began to wish more boys would come in, to make a little diversion.

At last, when all had fed and washed and taken a drink of water, the ladies all out of the same vessel, one after the other, every one suddenly rose to their feet, and began screaming, "Ah—yee! ah—ye, ay—ye, ah—yee!" at the top of their voices. All rushed into the bride's chamber, and there was a general pushing and hustling to get near the bed. I was borne in among the mob, and the heels of my stout balmorals inflicted, I fear, considerable injury among the tender bare toes of the poor Moorish ladies, who had all, according to custom, doffed their embroidered slippers. It was now growing dusk outside, and was consequently quite dark in the windowless room, so two huge long candles were brought in by two little negro girls, who rushed and were shoved about in a manner that rendered a conflagration among us an extreme probability, and grease-bespattered garments a certainty. The bride was then dragged into a standing position by her friends. She was so heavily weighted with clothes that to stand alone was impossible, so two had to support her, while two others endeavored to raise the multitudinous scarfs and robes with which she was enveloped outside her ordinary costume. This was in order to put on her sash, which was now produced; the same that I had seen tied round the top of her box the night she was married. Some of her extra apparel was at last raised sufficiently, and then there was a general scrambling and hunting among the crowd for the small boy, who was now to play his part in the proceedings. He was found under somebody's feet, dragged to the surface, and put on the bed. His business, it appeared, was to fasten on the sash, this office being—on occasions like the present—always performed by a boy, a custom which no doubt has some mystic significance of high import. Considerable difficulty was, however, found in the present instance to get the young gentleman to perform his task. The child was either obstinate or frightened, or both; for he bawled, and howled, and kicked, and for some time there was no getting him to do it. But at last he was coaxed or threatened into compliance. This was the signal for a great outburst of the usual yells from the old women and slaves. One old creature next me held her sides while she screamed with all her might and main. All laughed, too, and clapped their hands; and many winks and significant looks were exchanged, the purport of which I could only guess, but they evidently related to something of a nature highly interesting to the ladies, and involved some jest of a piquant kind which was relished exceedingly.

Then a little space was cleared, and with some difficulty the bride was got down off the bed; when, upheld by two of the elder ladies who supported her under her arms, she was dragged through the crowd, and made her appearance in the *patio*. Here, dishes containing eggs, fish, flour, and other things, were presented to her; all having some symbolical signification of a happy and fortunate nature. She was then led across the *patio*, and through the other rooms of the house, but here we and the other strangers did not

follow her; she being accompanied in her tour of inspection only by her supporters and two or three of her nearer relations. On her return to her chamber, all her friends seized her in their arms, and kissed and hugged her. She was not put into bed again, but seated on a chair opposite the door-way of the room; and all her garments, which had got a little disarranged, readjusted. She made no effort to assist in the arrangement of her toilet herself, remaining quite passive and immobile, while two of her friends pulled and twitched her clothes, resettled her ornaments so that each one should be seen to the best advantage, brought forward her two long-plaited tails of hair, squared out her elbows, and spread her hands flat on her lap, opening her fingers so that every ring should be visible.

Every one then stared at and admired her; while she sat, alternately lifting and dropping her eyelids, with the precision and regularity of an ingeniously contrived automaton, and occasionally smirking a little, in recognition of the interest and admiration which she excited. The opening and shutting her eyes was supposed to express that bashfulness and modesty generally deemed suitable to the occasion, and which Moorish brides cannot exhibit by means of becoming blushes, owing to the thick coating of paint by which their faces are covered. What should have been sweet, conscious smiles, too, were, in the present instance, turned into hideous grimaces by the same cause. When this young lady tried to smile, her stars and triangles puckered up, and the result was a grin after the style of a clown's in a pantomime.

And thus ended the performance. I must add that all these proceedings had been watched with the greatest interest by three or four handsome young women, from the window of an upper room, that looked into the *patio*. These, I was told, were the unmarried sisters, and sisters-in-law, and cousins of the bride, who were not allowed on this occasion to mingle with the married ladies. The window was so small that it was with difficulty two could look out together, so the crowding was considerable, as was no doubt the curiosity. A couple of little girls, however, about eight or ten years of age, bearing the same relationship to her, had been permitted to run about freely among the assemblage. All these arrangements and observances, which I have attempted to describe, are intended—so it is said—to preserve and foster female delicacy and modesty, according to Moorish ideas. Strange are the differences of national sentiment on such subjects. To my mind, and the minds of my friends, the result was of a totally opposite nature. To us, these poor creatures seemed as wanting in womanly delicacy as they were in human dignity. They appeared quite as incapable of conceiving the one, in its true sense, as they were certainly totally devoid of the other.

I drew a long breath of relief and enjoyment when I found myself once more in the open air. It was not alone the odors of onions and *kaskoo*, and Moorish perfumes, and negresses, and rancid oil and garlic, but the moral atmosphere which I had been breathing, had choked and disgusted me.

AMELIA PERRIER.



A SUMMER SCENE.

By PAUL DIXON.



## A CLASS-DAY AT HARVARD.

IF there is one thing more than another, in the way of external impressions, which may make a man regret his never having been to college, it is, perhaps, to witness a class-day at Harvard, in the character of a stranger. To me there is a kind of æsthetic awe hanging about these dark-red buildings which it is quite likely I should never have had were mine the familiarity of some former four years' residence within the walls of any one of them. Yet, despite my knowledge of this, I please myself with an emotion of agreeable sadness whenever I chance to pass through their venerable society. I think of pathetic Charles Lamb pacing the gardens and cloisters of Cambridge in his own country, and planning out that sonnet in which he betrays the retrospective longing and sentimental love with which—poor dear scape-goat of the Muses!—he was wont to look upon the university he never belonged to. There is a latent feeling in me, too, whenever I walk beneath the college elms, that their cool shade may throw upon my shoulders the invisible mantle of a vanished boyhood, and that I may take my place here along with the rest, and grow into manhood over again, under the benignant rule of an *alma mater*. And yet, all the while, I am conscious that nothing can be better, in certain regards, than precisely my present attitude toward the place. But the particular spot in and about the university which most excites my reasonless longing—the material object which most forcibly and peremptorily draws my spirit toward it—is the old "Rebellion-Tree," around which the classes gather, once a year, when the reverend seniors are about to pass away into the larger world. It is a fine old elm, with a many-branching cluster of boughs springing from its trunk; yet one would not, at first sight, augur any thing unusual in its associations and significance. Nevertheless, a devout scrutiny with the eye of faith reveals, at a height of about ten feet above the ground, a faintly-marked ring quite encircling it at that point, and which proves to consist of certain tattered strings, in some way fastened to the bark, instead of, as one at first supposes, a series of fine scratches on the shaggy surface. This phenomenon may excite the curiosity, even if it be as yet inexplicable; and, furthermore, it will be noticed that, below this mystic ring, the tree has an extraordinary worn smoothness which is quite as puzzling as the presence of the tattered strings. So much one may observe on any day, if he will take the trouble to search out this particular elm, standing in the little inclosure formed by Holden Chapel, Hollis and Harvard Halls, on three sides, and the curve of the college bounds on the other. So much also, and no more, will be seen on the very morning of class-day itself, if he pass that way. Around the inclosure on that morning, however, he will witness a formidable preparation of rough board-seats, rising in banks receding from the grassy space, in readiness for spectators of the coming afternoon's sport. Standing here, then, so close to Holden Chapel, which,

if not the oldest of the present college buildings, is certainly prior to several of them, one's thought turns naturally back to the time when Charles II.'s commissioners, by no means pleased with the independent spirit of the Massachusetts colonists, expressed the sourness of their spirits in a report to his majesty, wherein they boldly alluded to the wooden college at Cambridge. Within sight of this spot, too, and very near, is the ancient yellow, high-hipped house in which Oliver Wendell Holmes was born, and whence his boyish eyes were often turned upon the venerable Washington elm on the other side of the common. This common, also, has a curious historic interest, aside from that of Washington's having first taken his command here. In 1632, when this pretty city was founded, under the name of New Towne, it was thought necessary to fortify it; and the fosse then dug is said to have followed the line of the common's western boundary. Many a time have I seen the students from the colleges, unconscious of this august military memory, drive foot-ball and hand-ball clean over the palings that now mark that boundary. It is not an important nor a very impressive occurrence, but there is still a pleasant suggestiveness about it. It is as if in this little action, which so sets at naught a fact of the past sufficiently weighty in its time, we came upon the other end of the moral—whatever it may be—which lay in the derisive leaping of Remus over the rising mud-wall of his brother's Rome. But class-day sees no flying ball upon the common, or elsewhere in the vicinity, and we shall miss the gist of the occasion, if we remain here idly following such very fragile analogies.

The scene of chiefest interest at this hour—supposing it to be ten of the forenoon—is in the college-yard proper. There, at the head of the inclosure, in front of Holworthy Hall, the members of the senior class assemble. A little girl in dingy clothing, who, with her equally dingy little brother, has vagrantly strayed in to see the sight, exclaims to her companion: "Why, they've almost all of 'em got tall hats on! Yes, every one!"

And so they have; it is true. And, moreover, they are dressed in punctilious black broadcloth, each wearing the swallow-tailed coat wherewith the lords of creation have seen fit to distinguish themselves in this century, and having his hands cased in white-kid gloves. The day is a hot one; we are at the summer solstice; and nearly all of the black-clad heroes are forced to wield broad palm-leaf fans, in protection from the heat, and in lieu of bucklers, also. It may be, on their approaching entrance into the battle of life. Meantime, while they stand there, buzzing and chatting, with quick-flitting fans, and occasionally quitting or rejoining the atramentous crowd, the college chapel hard by is rapidly filling with fair friends and visitors. From every direction, groups of beautifully-dressed women draw near—with but a slender escort of gentlemen, for the men are not sought on this occasion—and, unmindful of the heat, and the increasing clouds of dust, pursue their way, with much the aspect of full-blooming flowers floating before the summer wind, along the various

pathways converging toward that sacred centre of the little church. Nor are there wanting tokens of the prospective feasting characteristics of the day. Now and then, a very business-like and humdrum sort of wagon drives up to one of the buildings, laden with suggestive baskets and great hampers full of dainties and ornamental furnishings, destined for those "spreads" which the wealthier and more social of the learned graduates will hold at their rooms, after the exercises in the chapel. Sable-faced waiters in dazzling white jackets are omnipresent. They rush out upon the heavy-laden wagons, and despoil them of their delectable freight; rush in again; and are presently seen at some upper window, whence, having made ready the banquet within, they gaze down upon the proceedings in the yard. These entertainments, known as "spreads," have greatly increased in importance within late years; and it is said that the more ambitious of the feast-makers now issue as many as a thousand invitations. Instead, also, of continuing to be provided as a substantial means of refreshment at the critical noon, when the first freshness of the morning is exhausted, and the new access of afternoon excitement has not come, they must, with the increase of luxury, be relegated to a later hour, and prolonged into the evening. These changes, be they well or ill, certainly offer us a complete and curious contrast to the days of the first commencement, more than two hundred years ago, when nine students only graduated, and most of the members of the General Court, being present, dined with the students at the ordinary commons—to encourage them! That was at the time when individuals of the surrounding communities paid annually one peck of wheat, or twelve pence in money, toward the support of the college; when the corporation treasury, one may say, rolled in a wealth of mellow apples; and when the *alma mater*, since so abundant in the nourishment imparted to its broods, was itself sustained by milk from the udders of certain notable fat cows, who formed a portion of its revenue. At that period, too, or but a few years later, brass farthings were so scarce that musket-bullets passed current in their stead. No wonder that the young men of that day should need encouragement at their ordinary commons, which must have been humble indeed. But it is more than doubtful whether any senator or alderman could now be found, willing to exhort by his example to the devouring of the plain fare of those times. And perhaps the students have done well, on the occasion of their own especial gala, to take the encouragement into their own hands, by providing themselves with an ample array of salads, game and jellies, wines, sandwiches, and frozen sweet-nesses, or what not besides, that may now be found upon their tables.

After a considerable delay, the procession of the seniors is ready to move. At its head stands a band, with instruments prepared to burst into music, at a moment's notice. There, too, is the marshal of the day, with his ebony and gilt-tipped *bâton*, and the class-poet and orator beside him—all three wearing gowns and the antiquated square silk cap.

The wand is lifted, the players shake the warm air into the sound of an inspiring march; and the seniors are in motion around the college-yard, walking two and two, and presenting in the long succession of regularly-moving legs, as seen from the opposite side against the glaring earth of the pathway, an appearance like that of some lattice which we pass at a running pace, or in a swift carriage. Midway down the open space are massed, in three dense bodies, the members of the inferior classes, who wait there to give their graduating companions a cheer, when these shall pass them before going into the chapel. But it is time to take a place in that sanctuary at once, if we would be there before the seniors. Once within its doors, we find ourselves in an atmosphere of sombre coolness, where the tender-colored lights of the painted glass window of the apse shed an exquisite modified lustre upon the ethereal lawns, and muslins, and pale-tinted silks of the audience. The wafted flowers are here seen at rest again, and truly they blossom as rarely as if they had always held root in this very spot. To look upon them is to behold the varied blush and beauty of a conservatory; and, at the same time, a certain bee-like murmur rising from their midst gives all the sweet suggestion of some large, sheltered bed of fragrant blossoms open to the air.

Every one who has ever attended a similar celebration peculiar to the students of a college, as distinguished from those occasions of severer dignity, when the faculty control matters, will be able to judge also the character of speech and poem which will be likely to garnish a Harvard class-day. There is a good deal of tender reminiscence of the days now left behind; there are confused allusions to laurels and flowers in connection with the present moment; and, finally, profound suggestions are thrown out as to the character of the future, meant to indicate the complete maturity, and the calm, reasonable view now obtaining in the minds of the speakers, but in reality proving, with charming serenity and an inimitable freshness, their still boyish and delightful incompleteness. But they are in earnest; even if they succeed so well in their pretty gallantries of poetry and rhetoric directed toward the ladies; and their fine, resolute, and manly spirit may move one deeply. Soon these ceremonies are over, however, and there is to some extent a lull in the festivity, until the third hour after mid-day. Many, to be sure, do not leave the ground at all; but there are others who are sordid enough to retreat, and take an early dinner at home, even in preference to spoiling their digestion with the delicacies provided by the young bachelors, if it so chance they have a friend among the latter. The writer has no intention of committing himself as to the course pursued by him in this matter, lest it should bear a misconception of disloyalty to those young fellows whom he had so learned to love and take a fatherly and fraternal interest in, ever since the morning. It were better the reader should think only of the rare young women who pass from feast to feast, sipping the little thimbleful of food that suffice them on a day so hot, and who are so charged with sustenance, spiritual and intellectual.

At three o'clock in the afternoon he will find almost every window in Stoughton, and Holworthy, and Hollis, occupied by their fine, slight forms, and slender, soft pink faces. And on the sward below, they pass in ethereal clusters hither and thither, or stand for a moment brightly chatting, now densely surrounded by attentive servitors. For, the formalities of the morning finished, the students flock rapidly enough to their places at the sides of the ladies. As for these, they have multiplied exceedingly since the forenoon, and now appear in a various grace of out-door costume, which is little short of bewildering. Some of these dresses, in fact, deserve the same order of praise one would bestow upon skillful artistic composition, involving, indeed, a strong knowledge of, or a natural taste for, decorative design. As you make your dreamy way through the fluttering multitude, their fairy puffs, and ruffs, and fringes, brush your modest, meditative coat, and stir a perfumed breeze upon your cheek. And then the many perfect little feet which deign to press the sod or sand of the yard to-day, and with what elastic grace they do it! These young women, with their proud, swift tread, their purely pulsing color, and their bright, clear eyes, more beautiful than shaded brooks, are empresses for the nonce; and they know it. All that is done to-day is done for them; without them, the occasion would lose half its *verve*; yet they, too, are favored in being sought, and every thing conspires to make them proud, complaisant, and deliciously indebted—in fine, captivating. How do the young men inwardly bow down to them! What a teeming ecstasy does this presence fill them with! And yet, doubtless, there is not wanting in their breasts that pleasant pain of a far-off, beautiful unattainableness about their lovelier companions, which just tempers their delight with an incipient melancholy. So, in this whirl of rich sensation, imagine the gay throng, while for two hours dancing continues in ancient Massachusetts Hall, and the band blares forth from its high platform under the elms in front of Holworthy.

Then comes the crowning and momentous hour, when the unimpeachable black of the seniors yields place to a designedly shabby costume, somewhat below the average wear of ordinary days. One is hardly conscious that these chief actors have quitted the scene at all, before they reappear clothed in this manner; and with the glossy, oblong, tall hats of the morning replaced by battered cylinders, papered and pasted over with glaring decorations, most prominent among which are figures noting the year of the class—the present year of the Christian era. They are about to go through that good and hearty custom of greeting the college-buildings, covering up the pathos of parting in three enthusiastic cheers, loudly shouted in front of each particular hall. In their rough suits, then, typifying well the dusty attire of that commonplace outer life into which they must shortly merge themselves, they make, for the second time during the day, the circuit of the college-yard, with the clangorous band ahead, and a swarm of friends and strangers following. A halt; a brief, concerted cheering; and then they pass on. And so the last

unanimous farewell is made, and the class ivy planted under the gray wall of the turreted library; and, still in long procession, and with brave blasts of music, they draw near the old "Rebellion-Tree." What a change is here since the morning! The bare girdle of torn strings around the trunk has burst into a bloom of flowers. There is a strangely humanized pride in its appearance as it wears thus its wreath of bright bouquets, studded thick in a broad band, ten feet above the grass at its roots. The bare banks of seats are now filled, all the beauty of radiant faces, and the fine film of fresh and delicate stuffs being gathered to a new focus, giving us a new impression of their brilliant bounty. In the corners of the green quadrangle, cut into segments by its various hard-rolled walks, the freshmen, sophomores, and juniors, have assembled, each class by itself. They have packed themselves together close, reclining half upon each other, resting half upon the virtuous earth; and in this attitude they await the arrival of the seniors. From moment to moment, some straggler enters the inclosure, to join one or other of the groups, and immediately on his appearance is greeted by vociferous cheers from his classmates, and complementary groans and hootings from the two other bodies. This interchange of burly courtesies continues until the graduating class have fairly come. The latter then, standing in the centre of the space, utter a succession of hurrahs for every thing appertaining to the university which comes within the range of their sympathies. They cheer for themselves, and for everybody else.

"Now, fellows, three cheers for the class of '74!"

"Three cheers for the class of '73!" And cheers for the two remaining classes are likewise called for by the marshal. Then they repeat the list, inverting and otherwise varying the order. And then they cheer the boat-crew, the base-ball nine, and finally the "goodies and proctors." Poor fellows! It is their last chance to utter that sturdy "Ra!" in common. No wonder that they stand there shouting, with earnest faces, as if they would drain the last sound from their throats, rather than desist and find that all is over. At last, however, there is nothing more to cheer for. Then they form a circle, with hands clasped hard together; and the three inferior classes rise, and stretch themselves around the elder in three other rings. Now, then, comes the last song together; and as the seniors sing, with voices strained by cheering, but still full and deep, they swing their joined hands backward and forward, in unison with the melody. Like a flash of cool light rise all the hands at once, thrust out toward the centre of the arena; and then as quickly they fly back again. It is as if they were weaving some strange spell, with these quick passes of the palms, and this loud incantation. Doubtless, indeed, there is a charm engendered, now, which will make its power felt through all their lives hereafter.

The final chorus finished, there is a pause, though one of slight duration. Suddenly the wide concentric rings are broken, and our seniors rush toward the tree, the others falling instantly away, to give them passage. In

a breath, the elm is surrounded by a struggling knot of excited youths. It is marvellous to see them rush, and then retreat, hurled off by the immediate vortex at the base of the tree. All around the passive flower-girt monster is twisted the inextricable chain of limbs, and backs, and faces; and for a time the conflict is so fierce that no one can pluck a blossom from its place. Gradually, however, certain among the wrestlers are lifted, I know not how, above the rest—either designedly, or forced upward by the press behind; and the flowers are torn away with furious haste. One champion rises thus, clutches again and again at the blooming band, and is at last thrown down, before he has attained a single one of the fragile trophies. The strife goes on, so long as a solitary bud remains in sight; but long before it is wholly ended most of the participants, gratified with victory, or discouraged by defeat, retire; and the whole area of the inclosure is now covered by a tumultuous crowd of them, who go about seeking out their friends, and indulging in the most extravagant and violent embraces with them when found. A continual murmur, amounting even to a roar, goes up from the crowd, which has something almost lugubrious in its sound. The latent sadness of the scene now steals in upon the lookers-on. This is the last struggle together of these hilarious boys and youth—this time no more for academic honors, but for flowers. And the struggle is near its end, and that brief and final efflorescence of their college-life which had knit its wreath around the tree hats almost vanished. The decorated hats are blasted and dismantled, and now and then one is seen to rise whirling in the air, above the noise and interwoven confusion of the universal last embrace, its crown knocked out, the trappings torn; and falls again, no more, perhaps, to find an owner. The class of '73 has left its mark, along with that of so many others, on the smooth bark of the elm-bolt; and the obliteration of all individual scramblings on that well-worn surface seems prophetic of the little trace which will be left on the minds of after-comers by the fond brotherhood just now about to leave these halls.

But we must pocket our moralizing for a while at least, there being still a continuation of the general revelry this evening. If we return to the scene when the night falls, lighting a consolatory cigar, and stimulating a glow of sentiment with it, we shall find that to be the proper time for final meditations. Another change has come by this time. Long lines of Chinese lanterns have been hung from tree to tree; again the band is playing; the ticketless are rigorously excluded; and Holworthy Hall is about to be illuminated. The marshal appears with a torch at one end of the windows, and proceeds to light the inscription arranged in gas-jets on the front of the building. But, alas! the wind, which has not ceased its dusty sport all day, continually prevents him, as fast as one letter is aglow, putting out another previously fired. For a time, the endeavor seems hopeless; and the merciless swarm of spectators begins to laugh. Ah, my dear young marshal, there is a touch of real life for you! Thus will the good, dull world deal with us all, when it has the chance.

No matter how dear the occasion, how intense the impulse of our effort, does it but flag a moment, or its outcome appear doubtful, the many-mouthed multitude—friends and enemies alike—will seize the opportunity for enjoying a little laugh. And is it not natural? It is so pleasant to laugh, and this is such a sad, sad, weary world to most! If any man faint, then, in his toil; if he seek, perchance, to light some general beacon for us in the night, and his torch go out, leaving him in ridiculous and insignificant darkness, let us not fail to open our great brutal throats and laugh! No matter for his mortification, or even his tears; he is in the dark, and we cannot see them. But, fortunately, my marshal succeeds, in the face of the wind. Having run dexterously from room to room within, he has lighted each and all the letters, before the breezes could extinguish any one. And now the year of the class glows out upon the night, against the dull brick wall, in myriad beads of light, dazling out of countenance the dark reflections of the previous moment. And the crowd applaud the achievement.

A little later in the evening, the glee-club sings, and the harmonious breathing from their fresh young throats makes us look upward through the interlacing elm-boughs at the stars. The gas-illumination was a brief one, for the breezes soon prevailed against the jets again, and the substance of their splendor had to be turned off to avoid befouling the air. But, as the darkness deepens, the stars sparkle forth more strongly; with them, no power of the air prevails, and fortunately, too, no rude crowd gapes nor laughs nor hoots nor cheers at them. I am glad the marshal triumphed; but doubtless there will come a day when he can let his thoughts turn back to this small glory, and contrast its transient glare with the stars that shall look at least as kindly on his whitening head as now they do upon his youth.

After this, it is time to take us homeward. Another stroll around the yard must satisfy us—with the final magic episode of a lime-light shedding out its moony glow upon the mighty elms, and the broad, descending masses of their outward foliage, every edge and point of which it seems to have transformed, by something more ethereal than common chemistry, into a marvel of untold rarity. We loiter on through the charmed territory of this radiance into the shadow again, and then back under the Chinese lanterns; and finally pass away without, and know the joyous, fresh, and spiritually suggestive college-carnival no more. Until morning, we may hear detached and wandering strains of voices singing in concert, echoing about the streets, and lapsing more and more into the melancholy, moonlit air of sadness. This is the last broken music of that four years' life which in a few days comes to dissolution. To-morrow, there will be no sign or relic of this merry, mournful celebration visible within the quiet realm of the college elms. Instead of the caterers' wagons, will appear those of expressmen, heaped with strapped and corded trunks of those among the students who will not await commencement. Then will these wagons drive prosai-

cally away, and the earth, as usual, will continue to turn round and round.

G. P. LATHROP.

## HOW LONDON IS GOVERNED.

THIRD PAPER.

### THE METROPOLIS.

IT may be remembered that we have stated that London was composed of the city—the government of which has been described—and of a great number of districts, forming around it a collection of cities. This vast whole, which is at present inhabited by a population representing one-seventh of the total population of Great Britain, constitutes what the law calls the metropolis. To explain, or to endeavor to explain, its mode of government, is the object of this third article.

If an Englishman's house is his castle, his parish is undoubtedly his world. He lives by parishes, and he is governed by parishes. The parish bounds, though invisible, are as impassable as Devils' Dikes, and more enduring than Giants' Causeways. A parish will say what a man shall do, and what a man shall not do; what taxes he shall pay; whether the roads he makes use of shall be paved with granite or laid with Macadam; whether the lamps which light the street he lives in shall be sufficient for the purpose; or whether the street shall be deprived of gas altogether (as happened to be the case where the writer was for some time residing, in one of the most populous suburbs of London. There were plenty of gas-lamps provided, but no gas); in fact, the English parish is the City Council of American cities; it is the unit of that grand system of local self-government which is supposed to be the foundation of English freedom, and it is the integer both of England's political and of her ecclesiastical systems. It is easy to see how this has been brought about.

In the very early days, when bishops were a power in the land, and there were no talks of disestablishment, the only divisions recognized by the Church were dioceses. As Christianity began to spread, the spiritual staff of the diocese, which was no doubt then attached to the person of the bishop, were dispatched, as occasion required, into districts, more perhaps as missionaries than permanent ministers, to look after the church affairs of that district. As the number of believers increased, it became necessary that resident clergymen should be always at hand to administer to them the consolations of religion; and the natural result of this was the division of the diocese into separate parishes, each with its own pastor. The great land-owners soon began to build churches on their estates, and with the sanction of the ecclesiastical authorities they compelled their dependants to pay their tithes to the support of the one church, instead of distributing them among the clergy of the diocese generally. The district whose tithes were thus appropriated to a particular church became a distinct parish. Now, as most persons know, there was to every Episcopal church in those days, as



there is to every Episcopal church in these, a small apartment, where the priest's robes were kept, and where parishioners would come to talk over matters with the pastor, called the vestry. That little word, and that little apartment, rule Londoners to this very hour. The great capital of England, with the exception of its drains, is still governed by "vestries."

There are six important parishes in London, St. Marylebone, St. Pancras, St. George's (Hanover Square), Islington, Shoreditch, and Lambeth. These six great parishes, added to which are eighteen others, with a population of from twenty thousand to one hundred thousand inhabitants, are each governed by a separate local government. Then to these are to be added fifty-nine parishes, having from two thousand to twenty thousand inhabitants, grouped together, by act of Parliament, for certain administrative purposes, in fourteen districts. So that there are in Metropolitan London—which, counting the city, lies in four distinct counties; the city of London forming a county of itself, and the outside districts forming parts of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent—thirty-nine distinct municipal centres. The authorities governing this whole are the corporation of the city of London, the corporation of Westminster, the Metropolitan Board of Works, thirty-nine "vestries," thirty-nine boards of Guardians of the Poor, the Poor Law Board itself (a department of government controlling the administration of the poor law), the Thames Conservators, the lord-lieutenants of counties, and the magistrates of counties. Some seven thousand persons, in various honorary official positions, take part in this government, and there are above one thousand magistrates in the metropolitan counties controlling the bridges, lunatic asylums, courts of law, and having a power in levying taxation. Of vestrymen there are nearly three thousand, and, as the "vestry" is really the molecule of the gigantic municipal system of London, we will consider its constitution and its special powers first.

The qualification requisite for a vestryman in the metropolis is, under ordinary circumstances, an assessment to the relief of the poor upon a rental of not less than forty pounds per annum, except in the case where the number of such assessments is not equal to one-sixth of the whole assessments in any parish, when the qualification of a vestryman for that parish is reduced to twenty-five pounds. The electors are those persons (householders, of course) who have been rated in the parish, to the relief of the poor, for one year next before the election (which takes place annually in May), and have paid all parochial taxes, rates, and assessments, due from them at the time of voting. In Metropolitan London, every parish-vestry consists of eighteen vestrymen where the number of rated householders does not exceed one thousand; six additional (i. e., twenty-four vestrymen) where the number exceeds one thousand; and twelve additional (i. e., thirty-six vestrymen) where the number of rated householders exceeds two thousand; and so on in the proportion of twelve additional vestrymen for every one thousand rated

householders; but in no case are the elected vestrymen to exceed one hundred and twenty. Added to these are the incumbents and church-wardens, who are vestrymen by right. One-third of the vestry go out of office every year, so that every vestryman serves three years (retiring vestrymen may be reelected), except such as have been elected to supply vacancies occasioned otherwise than by effluxion of time. As regards the mode of election: The parishioners rated for the relief of the poor are required to meet at an appointed place, and to nominate two rate-payers of the parish to be inspectors of votes, who are to act with the church-wardens. The parishioners present are then to proceed to the election, unless five or more rate-payers demand a poll, which must take place on the following day, from eight A. M. to eight P. M. The persons elected (with the incumbent and church-wardens) form the Vestry; and this, conjointly with the Board of Guardians (for the poor only), has committed to its care powers as to local sewerage and drainage; the paving, lighting, and cleansing of the streets; duties as to slaughter- and cow-houses, nuisance removal, gas and water, the restraint of overcrowding, baths and wash-houses, adulteration of food, in fact, all local administration, on a limited scale, but the control of the police and the affairs of the Church. We shall have something to say about the Guardians of the Poor presently.

We have before mentioned that certain London parishes are grouped together so as to form fourteen districts. Over each of these fourteen districts a local Board of Works presides, composed of deputies elected by the vestries of the various parishes in the district. One-third go out every year, the vacancies being supplied by the election of the vestries.

Superior to all, to both vestries and district boards, is the Metropolitan Board of Works, which is elected by the whole metropolis, on the following basis: the Common Council of the city nominates three delegates, each of the six great parishes elects two, each of the districts one, in all forty-five, certain small boards of works being united for the election of a joint representative. One-third of the members of this board retire from office each year, and the place of any member dying or resigning is supplied by the board or vestry by whom he was originally elected. The chairman is chosen by the board; his functions continue until revoked by the board which elected him; and he is the only paid superior official connected with the three municipal institutions we have been describing; Parliament having empowered the Metropolitan Board of Works to grant its chairman a salary of not less than seven thousand five hundred, nor more than ten thousand dollars a year. The powers exercised by this board are numerous, and it is proper to say that to it London is indebted for her present splendid system of main drainage, her grand embankment on the Thames, and other works which are the admiration of every foreigner visiting the English capital. Besides undertaking the vast improvement of intercepting the sewage from the Thames, and of controlling the wonderful system of London main

drainage, the Metropolitan Board of Works controls the construction of sewers by vestries and district boards; it looks after the numbering and naming of streets, the improvement of thoroughfares, and unowned spaces; and to it are intrusted certain duties relating to gas, the storage of petroleum, cattle-plague, and the efficiency of the Fire Brigade. Borrowing powers are conferred by act of Parliament on all the bodies to which we have been referring; and, in regard to the mode in which the funds for carrying out the necessary local and metropolitan improvements and requirements are provided, it appears to be done in this way: every vestry and district board may, under their seal, order the overseers (paid servants) of their parish, or of the several parishes forming the district, to pay to the treasurer or into a bank, the sums required for defraying the common expenses of the parish or district. The overseers, to whom such order is issued, are to levy the amount required by making what is called a "sewer rate," a "lighting rate, and a "general rate," to include other requirements of the parish not coming under either of the two foregoing heads. These, what we should term "taxes," are to be levied on the person, and, in respect of the property ratable to the relief of the poor, assessed on the net annual value of such property. The Metropolitan Board of Works obtains the sums it may require by precepts addressed to the vestries and district boards.

To give the reader some approximate idea of the sums of money and figures dealt with by the municipal bodies whose organization we have been describing, we may state that the City of London corporation has within the last few years spent in improvements alone a sum exceeding thirty-three million dollars, the repayment of which is mainly charged on certain duties levied by the corporation on coal and wine entering the port of London, producing an annual revenue of nearly two million five hundred thousand dollars; that the Metropolitan Board of Works has incurred liabilities to the extent of twenty-five million dollars; that the several vestries collect and expend nearly fifteen million dollars per annum, having as many as nearly three hundred and eighty thousand houses to rate (five thousand houses yearly being added to Metropolitan London), and to contract for lighting about twenty-six hundred miles of streets; that the "rates" are collected on an assumed value which in 1868 was under ninety million, but which in 1875 exceeds one hundred million dollars; and that the small charge or "rate" of one penny in the pound raises four hundred and twenty-two thousand six hundred and sixty dollars. The debts of the four counties may be estimated at about five million dollars, and the vestry loans at about the same sum. So that all this machinery governing London uses up sums of money which would make a very respectable show on a finance minister's budget for a whole nation. We might add that, in the report of the Metropolitan Board of Works for 1872, the estimated expenditure of the board for this present year is set down at three million one hundred and fifty-three thousand seven

hundred and fifteen dollars, and the amount to be levied upon the several parishes at one million nine hundred and ninety thousand nine hundred dollars.

M. Augustin Cochin, in an exceedingly able paper in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June, 1870, on the municipal institutions of the cities of Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, Brussels, Geneva, and New York, says, in respect of London: "On connaît mal l'Angleterre, si l'on ne devinait pas que d'autres autorités s'enchevêtrent avec les autorités municipales. L'Angleterre est un corps qui sent dans ses développemens ce que les savans appellent le mouvement organique, un mouvement compliqué, mais continu, et non pas ce mouvement logique, uniforme, violent, intermittent, qui est dans les habitudes du génie français." And M. Cochin is perfectly right, though perhaps one is disposed to smile at the apparent respect which the distinguished ex-mayor of Paris has for the present preposterous confusion of things in municipal London. The *London Quarterly Review* has explained that the jumbling together of "other authorities" with "municipal authorities" arises from the entire absence of any thing like centralization; that "instead of London being cut into certain defined parts, and such portion being complete in itself for the administration of its local affairs, new districts seem to have been formed for carrying out every new purpose that has at any time arisen. . . . London is divided into thirty-nine districts for one purpose; into sixteen for another; ninety for another purpose; fifty-four for another; besides a multitude of other divisions. It is differently divided for the police and for the police courts; for the county courts" (courts for the recovery of small debts); "for duties under the Registrar-General" (births, deaths, etc.), "under the Building Act; for postal, militia, revenue, water, gas, and parliamentary purposes. And those districts cross and interlace each other in a manner almost reminding one of Dr. Johnson's definition of net-work, that it is 'a de-cussated reticulation with interstices between the intersections.'" It is admitted that more than one hundred acts of Parliament are in force for the government of London, and as for the officials, honorary and otherwise, taking part in it, one can hardly say where their authority begins, and where it ends. First of all, the lord-lieutenants of the counties of Middlesex, Kent, and London, and what are called the Commissioners of Lieutenancy, exercise in the name of the crown their respective powers. Then, by the side of the royal, municipal, and parochial authorities, as arrayed, free associations, incorporated foundations, corporations, and companies. And finally, above all, above crown, parish, corporation, and association, comes Parliament. As M. Cochin says, there are only two municipal attributions truly centralized in London, public works and police; every thing else is and remains decentralized, or has no other centre than Parliament.

One of the most important elements in connection with the government of London is the administration of the poor-laws, for upon the amount of his rating (taxation) for

the relief of the poor depends the citizen's right to vote for the election of vestrymen to represent his interests in one or other of the thirty-nine mimic parliaments governing London.

The present system of taxation for the relief of the poor in Great Britain is based upon an act of Queen Elizabeth's reign, which directs that the church-wardens and the overseers, or the major part of them, of every parish, with the consent of two of the justices, shall levy a rate upon every occupier of land or houses in that parish, in order to "set the poor on work," for the necessary "relief of the lame, impotent, old, and blind, and such other among them being poor and not able to work; and also for the putting out of children to be apprentices." The amount to be levied would, of course, depend upon the requirements of the parish, and also upon what the levying body may think a fit sum for the purposes of poor-relief. Administering this relief are boards of guardians elected by the ratepayers of a parish, or by parishes and townships which have been united into what is termed a Union, by order of the Poor-Law Board. The duties of guardians may be stated generally—to govern the workhouse, and administer poor-law according to the orders of the supreme government authority, the Poor-Law Board itself. And we might add that this taxation for the relief of the poor has become in England a general tax in parishes, rather than a special tax of beneficence. Upon it every other tax is based, the poor-rate forming the foundation for every other kind of parochial taxation. That is to say, that all a parishioner's rights in respect of election of vestrymen, and all his grievances (if he has any) in connection with excessive taxation, are governed by what he is rated at on the books of his parish for the relief of the poor.

Having so far endeavored to explain the main outside features of the government of London, we will proceed to discuss not the least important of her municipal institutions—the police—in another article.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

## TO JULY.

THE poets love thee none too much, July!

At least I judge so from their seldom singing

About thee as the months, in turn, go by—

Some inspiration to their harps each bringing.

I know not but thy skies are all too hazy,

And veil sweet Nature from their subtle ken;

Or, it may be, thy fervors make them lazy,

And steep each pulse of thought in sleep again!

I'm sure of this, that April, May, and June,

And, quite as much, the golden-haired September,

With various charms set all the bards a-tune

In madrigals too many to remember.

And poets, wed to melancholy moods,

Who for the mirth of June are far too sober,

But vent their ecstasies on "naked woods"—  
Four deep libations to the brown October.

The silvery locks of Winter lend their charms  
To all the months when merry sleigh-bells  
tinkle;

And drear December dies in loving arms  
Of bards, who on his bier pale flow'rets  
sprinkle.

Yet thou, July, hast wondrous wealth of bloom,  
That decks the glen and glorifies the meadow;

Kindling to crimson flame the bosky gloom—  
And staining purple every flying shadow.

Sweet cherry-gems upon thy bosom gleam,  
In ruby light, or tinted with lucent amber;  
And luscious berries fit to drown in cream—  
And tempt the queen of beauty in her chamber!

Thine is the fragrance of the new-mown hay,  
Than subtlest breath of chemic odors sweeter;

And crowning common gifts in God's sweet way,  
To make his daily bounties the completer.

Thou bringest, in thy large and lusty lap,  
The early grain, and treasures of the garden;  
And thy fierce heats distil the secret asp,  
That hence to August pears and plums will  
harden.

Why do the poets slight thee, then, July?  
Thou knowest not, I trow, and little carest;  
With blazing wheels thy chariot rushes by,  
Most fervid, thou, of months, though not  
the fairest!

I would I were a bard of skill and fame,  
That some poetic justice I might render;  
But humble verse, linked with my humbler name,  
Will shrink and wither in thy heedless splendour.

Thou wilt not breathe for us in airs like June's,  
Nor deign to dally with her dainty roses;  
Our quivering fans but fret thy torrid noons,  
And sleep grows restless when thy smile reposes.

Yet all thy fervors we may well allow—  
In which our fruits and golden grain are ripened;  
For these, all laurels twined about thy brow,  
O bounteous month, were but a scanty stipend.

My praises faint beneath thy generous smile,  
And thought and ink run dry in glance so tropic;  
I'll seek some friendly covert for a while—  
And there complete my lay—or change my topic!

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

## MISCELLANY.

## LIONS AND THEIR HABITS.

THE public must feel some difficulty in forming a true estimate of the prowess of the African lion from the number of conflicting statements made by different travelers and hunters. The truth appears to be that, while each one has formed an opinion from the behavior of the particular animals they chanced to meet with, the fact that every single lion differs from another in temper and disposition has been allowed to drop out of sight. That some lions will make a point of attacking any human being they see without the slightest provocation, admits of no doubt, while it is at least equally certain that there are others that can hardly be forced to retaliate, and which, even when wounded, will always rather run than fight.

Generally speaking, and subject to the above exceptions, I have found that the lion of Southeastern Africa rarely goes out of its way to attack people; will, in point of fact, shun a conflict when avoidable. There is nearly always some explanation of its behavior when it acts otherwise; either the hunter has approached so near before seen that the animal is afraid to turn tail, and, urged by its very fears, makes a charge; or it may be half famished, and, having got hold of some prey, either of your killing or its own, will not quit it without a contest, or, if a lioness with cubs, will fight in defense of their supposed danger.

In all the above cases, utter immobility and coolness will often avert an attack. If the animal, judging by your behavior, imagines that you do not want to hurt it, it will, after trying you for several minutes, and even making one or two sham charges, often walk away and allow you to do the same; but merely raising the arm, much less pointing the gun at it, is sure to make it come on. One or two instances of this occur to me. A large native hunting-party had gone out, and were scattered over the thorns. One of my gun-bearers, who had gone with it, suddenly found himself face to face with a full-grown male lion, without a yard between them. He had presence of mind enough to stand perfectly still, without even attempting to take one of the spears he carried in his left hand into the other. After a couple of minutes the brute walked away, turning its head round every second to watch him. Before going far it met another man, who raised his spear, as if to throw it. It instantly sprang on him, and inflicted such wounds that he died within half an hour. I have no doubt that if this man also had stood still, he would have been perfectly safe. Again, a hunter of mine was following buffalo-tracks into some thickets; suddenly a male lion rose out of one of them and snarled at him; he had hardly seen it when another, about three-quarters grown, showed itself a little on one side, and from behind he heard the low growling of a third. Parly turning, so as to watch them all, he saw the latter was a lioness; and that three cubs, not much larger than cats, were following their mother, one of them running toward him without showing the least fear. He had, unawares, got into the centre of a lion family. The lioness, in fear for her offspring, rushed up, and, as he afterward described it, fairly danced round and round him, springing to within a yard of him, sideways, backward, and every way but on him. In this case, also, he stood still without any movement, for, as he said, it was a hundred to one he did not kill the mother; and, suppose he had, the other two would have soon avenged her. It ended by their ultimately retiring into the thicket, and watching him as

he cleared out. Had he been nervous, or done any thing but remain quiet, there is no doubt he would not have come out alive.

On the other hand, a lion will seldom stand much bullying. He may, and often will, get out of your way, nay, even leave his prey if you approach it, and should you follow him will perhaps do so a second time, but that is about the extent of it. He seems to argue: "I've retired twice, and here you are at me again; well, if you must have it, come on nearer, if you dare;" and then, if a male, he growls deeply, and makes his mane bristle up round him; or, if a lioness, crouches down like a cat, lays her ears back, and shows her teeth. In any case you are in for it, the brute is fairly roused, and, retire or advance as you like, a charge is inevitable.

I lived for many years among these animals, and their very name recalls innumerable recollections and anecdotes.

Perhaps the most beautiful sight I ever saw in connection with them, worth all the Zoos in the world, was on a morning I had gone out to hunt with one bearer at dawn. I had not got far from camp, and my gun was still unloaded, while I was examining some buffalo-spoor, when, on looking up, I saw my gun-bearer, who had my cartridges, running away at full speed. Knowing he must have seen something to frighten him so, I did not shout, but went to where he had been standing, a few yards ahead, and there, sure enough, not twenty yards off, were a pair of lions; the lioness rolling on its back, and striking out at the male's head with its fore-paws like a kitten, while he stood majestically above her. I stopped a moment to watch them, and it was well worth it, and then rushed off after my Kaffre to load. The position was good, and I might have killed one to a certainty, but when I had succeeded in getting him down from the top of a big tree, and went back, they had gone. I suppose they must have got our wind. No doubt they had been hunting all night, and had been down to the river to drink preparatory to going to bed.

I do not think the lion deserves his title of king of beasts, though perhaps he is the most noble-looking. Elephants are decidedly more sagacious, and the black rhinoceros (*Upotysus*) is certainly more dangerous, and either of the two could kill him in a few moments, with but little danger to themselves. Indeed, he cannot manage an old buffalo-bull, unless he takes it by surprise.

Until lately they were to be found in Natal, and in troops in the Zulu country, but have retired back with the game, and, except on the Zulu coast, there are now only a few stray ones, until you reach the Uboombo Mountains. There, along the banks of the rivers Pongolo, Nkwavuma, Usutu, and more especially the Mbuluzi and Mbuluzane, they abound, troops of ten or twelve being by no means rare. Like all the feline tribe, they hunt more by night than by day, but in the uninhabited districts they prowls about by daylight, especially when hungry. When their hunting has been successful, they sleep the whole day in some thicket hard by their prey, returning to it after their evening drink, as like all carnivora they must drink frequently, and their presence is a sure sign of water being near.

Their favorite food is buffalo and zebra, preferably the latter, though they generally go after the former, as they are more easily stalked from frequenting the thicker parts of the jungle.

Sometimes, when attracted by meat, they will come and roar all night within a few yards of the camp, and cases have occurred when they have attacked it. I remember one man, a European, who had to spend the night in a tree watching a male lion which had sprung into the camp and seized a piece of meat,

kindly taking no notice of the terrified scramble he caused, and which, after roaring for a little, was joined by two lionesses, the three proceeding to eat all the buffalo-meat in stock, one always keeping guard while the other two went to water.

This is a habit of theirs when they have killed any thing, to protect it from vultures, wolves, and jackals, which, if not prevented, would pick the bones clean in a few minutes.

I know a Dutch hunter, a very powerful man, who was once sleeping out near the Nkwavuma. He had been unsuccessfully pursuing game all day, and had made no camp-fence or other protection, as he had got no meat with him. During the night he was awoke by something catching hold of his arm. Thinking it was a wolf, he made a tremendous effort to free himself, striking out at it with the disengaged arm. The blow was such that if it did not knock the animal down, it at any rate drove it back, and enabled him to snatch up his rifle and fire. The lion, as to his astonishment it turned out to be, jumped away roaring, and next morning was found dead a few yards off.

They are excessively fond of eating buffalo and other game, killed too late in the day to be broken up, and, even when the hunters are sleeping by it, they will come almost within the glare of the fire, and tear and crunch away, taking no notice of shots or stones, but an occasional growl, unless hit, when they are pretty certain to make one spring into the centre of the camp and do all the mischief they can. *A propos* of this, I remember hearing of a very plucky thing done by a native hunter of a friend of mine. He had killed a buffalo and was sleeping out by it alone, and during the night heard crunching going on that only a lion's powerful jaw could produce. He got up, and by the dim light of a third-quarter moon could just make out the outlines of two lions, about twenty yards off. He took a steady aim—he only had a single-barrel—and fired at the nearest, which made a bound upward and fell dead. The other took no notice, and after a minute resumed its meal, upon which he quietly loaded and shot it dead on the spot. It showed great pluck, for alone in the dark with two lions, and only one shot to trust to, is any thing but a pleasant position.

Sometimes I have heard the most extraordinary concerts going on round game the lions were feeding on, wolves, hyenas, and jackals, keeping up a continual round of howling, squealing, and laughing, which, being interpreted, meant, I suppose, that they were very hungry and wished the lions would clear out and let them begin. It is by no means unusual to find a wolf or jackal lying dead, punished on the spot for daring to approach too near the bigger robber's supper, and I have often seen the spoor of where a lion had chased wolves several hundred yards away from his prey.

Much has been written about their roar, and I must confess to having been disappointed in it at first; but after a time I discovered that, though it has no resemblance to thunder or any thing of that sort, it really is a very awe-inspiring sound. It commences by a low booming growl, repeated two or three times, and increasing in loudness until it becomes a roar that fills the air, and then dies away again in a low muttering. Lions coming from different directions will often keep it up for half an hour answering one another, and it shows how the animal is dreaded, that the moment it is heard near camp there is a dead silence. More wood is hastily heaped on the fire, and all the natives uneasily shift their positions, and take up their guns and spears. More than once I have lost a night's sleep by a serenade of this description, the lions being hungry, smelling our meat, and keeping prowling about close



to until dawn. The low, warning moan uttered by them, if you approach too near a thicket where they are concealed, is a most unpleasant noise, and, when I first heard it, I almost mistook it for the moan of some large animal in pain; but it invariably means that the lion is in a bad temper, and you had better not go too close.

The danger, if you do come to close quarters with them, can hardly be exaggerated. There are cases where, single-handed, and armed only with a spear, a native has succeeded in killing one that has sprung on him, without receiving any thing but trifling injuries; but these are only exceptions that prove the rule that where they strike they kill. Unlike other large game, they divide their attentions equally, springing from one to another, and fighting with tooth and claw in the most wonderful manner. It is a grand sight to see one charge a native regiment sent out after it, as they sometimes are, springing over the heads of the first line right into the centre, flying about, knocking men down with every blow, until, a complete sieve of assagai-wounds, it dies fighting.

They generally lie in the kaku-thorns, or in the dense evergreens which line the rivers, and in the summer in the reeds. The best chances for killing them are obtained in the former place, as you often come across them asleep when you are stealing about after game. It is better not to fire if its head is toward you, as, even if you shoot it through the brain, its dying bound may land it on top of you; but if you see one, go round, and try to get a shot at its back—they always lie on their side—and then there is a good chance at the head or heart, with a possibility of breaking the backbone. Sometimes the bush is too thick for you to go round, and in that case hide, and break a twig, or give a low whistle, and it will get up, uncertain what has disturbed it, and give every opportunity for a steady shot.

Sometimes one meets them in bad places, where it would be very dangerous to fire if alone, when, if seen, it is best to stand one's ground, not attempting to make any offensive movement, and not to kneel down; for some reason, probably because they themselves always crouch preparatory to attack, lions will rarely stand this if in any thing of an ugly temper. When you do fire try for the shoulder, or, if a very crack shot, and not at all nervous, the brain; do not aim too high, as the forehead is perfectly flat, and a ball is apt to glance. With a male, in firing at the shoulder, take care the floating mane which covers it does not cause you to aim too high, as, when the brute is angry and bristles up, it makes it seem a much larger mark than it really is.

When you have to take refuge in a tree, go up as far as you can get, for if none of its bones are broken the lion will generally have a try at you, though, if the branches are thick, there is little danger even within its distance.

In a case where a few seconds' delay may save your life, it is worth while to know that any thing thrown down—a hat, coat, etc.—will first be torn up with a crunch of the teeth or a blow of the paw before your pursuer resumes the chase. It has, to my own knowledge, saved more than one man at a pinch.—*"D."* in *Land and Water*.

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

FROM DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Sir Walter Scott had derived a vast number of traditional anecdotes from Mrs. Murray Keith, the lady whom he has celebrated as Margaret Bethune Balliol. He introduced many of these into his novels. When "Waverley" was published, she felt sure he was the

author, and smilingly told him so. As usual, he denied the fact. "What?" said she, "d'ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folk's hail?"

George I., as is well known, came over without his queen, Sophia Dorothea, who spent the latter years of her life in captivity. When the king's health was drunk, not long after, on some ceremonial occasion at Aberdeen, some one in his zeal proposed that "they should drink the queen's health *too*" (too). He was instantly repressed by the provost: "Hout, awa, man; she's i' the Tow-beeth!"

Aytoun of Inchdairnie, a Fife laird, might have quoted Burns's lines as a fact in his family history:

"My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword."

They afterward found their way to foreign countries, seeking with that sword to acquire an honorable livelihood. The old man, though a Jacobite, was a Presbyterian, and regularly attended the parish church. At the next celebration of the communion there, after the affair of the *Fifteen*, the minister, in his preliminary address, included, among those whom he had to debar from the table, all such as had been concerned in "the late wicked rebellion;" whereupon the laird rose up, clapped his hat on his head, took his wife under his arm, and strode out, muttering: "Wad I sit and hear my ain flesh and blude spoken o' that gate?"

There is another anecdote of this old cavalier. One of his neighbors, Sir James L—, had been concerned in making Charles I. a prisoner. After the Restoration, this gentleman was not allowed to go beyond a certain distance of his own house. He went one day to visit Inchdairnie, who, seeing him approach, ran to the stair, and called out to the servant that he was not at home. The visitor insisted on getting in; for he said he certainly heard Inchdairnie's voice. On this, Aytoun stepped out on the balcony over the door, and said aloud: "Tell that fellow I am never at home to the murderer of my lawful sovereign."

Colquhoun Grant, a noted Edinburgh character at the middle of last century, prided himself much on the prowess he had exhibited when out in the campaign of 1745-'46. He had a friend in arms, or at least in sentiment, Ross of Pitcalnie, who once played upon Grant's vanity in a very laughable way. Pitcalnie wished to borrow forty pounds. Some friends, to whom he mentioned his wants, knowing his bad repute as a debtor, asserted he would not be able to achieve the loan. He said he would manage to get it out of Colquhoun Grant, and begged they would wait till he visited that gentleman, in order to be satisfied with his good credit. He then proceeded to Grant's house, found him at home, and mentioned what he wanted. As was to have been expected, Colquhoun pleaded an excuse—said he had sent all his money just the day before to the bank, but for which unfortunate circumstance he would have been happy to oblige his dear friend Pitcalnie. The cunning borrower professed himself satisfied with the excuse, and then, without saying any thing more about money, launched into miscellaneous conversation. Soon contriving to advert to the affair of Forty-five, he began a lengthened disquisition about the share which Colquhoun had had in that glorious enterprise—in particular, his energy and valor at Prestonpans, where he did not scruple to affirm that victory was mainly attributable to his single arm, in so far as he was the means of capturing the cannon. "Stay a wee, Pitcalnie," said Grant, at this

stage of the conversation, "till I see if there's any thing in the drawers ben the house." So saying, he went into the next room, and returned with the sum Pitcalnie wished to borrow. The ingenious borrower pocketed the money, with thanks, and soon after took his leave. "Well, how have you come on?" inquired Lis friends, who had waited his return. "There's the money," was the emphatic answer. Scarcely crediting their eyes, they asked how he contrived to prevail upon so secure a man as Grant to be so unexpectedly liberal. He explained his mode of attack; observing in conclusion: "This forty pounds is only made out o' the battle o' Prestonpans; I've Falkirk in my pouch yet, and I wadna gie it for aucthy."

People are apt to get into mischief by offering impertinent or at least undesired advice. A droll example has been quoted from the writings of Voltaire, as follows: "A Frenchman had the audacity to write to Law, the famous controller-general, telling him that he was the greatest blockhead, the greatest simpleton, or the greatest knave, in propagating the belief that a nation can be made rich by the mere issue of what is called paper-money. The Frenchman was correct in his opinion as to the folly of Law's schemes, but he did not act prudently in so addressing him. Being considered a dangerous individual, the authorities conducted him to the prison of St.-Lazarus.

"When he got out of St.-Lazarus, where he studied a great deal and fortified his reason, he went to Rome. He demanded a public audience of the pope, on condition that no one should interrupt him during his speech; and he thus addressed him: 'Holy father, you are antichrist; and mark how I shall prove it to your holiness. I call him antichrist whose life and acts are contrary to what Christ did and commanded. Now, Christ was poor, and you are very rich. He paid tribute, and you exact it. He submitted to the powers of this world, and you have become one of these powers. He went about on foot, and you go to Castel-Gaudolpho in a sumptuous equipage. He ate of any thing that was given him, and you compel us to eat fish on Friday and Saturday, though we live far from the sea and from rivers. He forbade Simon Barjona to protect himself with the sword, and you have many swords to protect you. Therefore, in this sense, your holiness is antichrist. I reverence you very much in every other capacity, and I ask of you an indulgence in *articolo mortis*.' As might have been expected, they put the man of pure reason into the castle of St. Angelo.

"When he got out of the castle of St. Angelo, he hastened to Venice, and demanded an audience of the doge. 'Your serene highness,' said he to him, 'must commit an extravagant folly in espousing the sea every year. For, in the first place, one does not marry himself twice to the same person. Secondly, your marriage resembles that of Harlequin, which was only half a marriage, since the consent of the other party was wanting. Thirdly, who can assure you that the other maritime powers will not one day step in and dispossess you of your bride?' Thus he spoke, and they shut him up in the tower of St. Mark.

"When he regained his liberty he went to Constantinople, procured an audience of the mufti, and spoke to him thus: 'Your religion, though it may comprehend many good things, such as the worship of the Supreme Being, and the necessity of being just and charitable, is only a patchwork of Judaism, and a tiresome collection of old wives' tales. If the archangel Gabriel did bring from some other world the leaves of the Koran to Mohammed, all Arabia would have seen him descend. Nobody saw him; therefore Mohammed was only a bold impostor, who deceived

those that were weak enough to believe him. Scarcely had he uttered these words, when he was impaled.

"Nevertheless," as Voltaire remarks, "he always spoke pure reason. His only error was excessive indiscretion. The naked truth must not be always told."

An old domestic of Mr. Stuart, of Ballychulish, being brought to his death-bed, his master, in order to mark his grateful sense of the man's faithful service, attended him, and gave him assurance that, when he died, he should have honorable burial in the churchyard of Glenorchy, among his (Mr. Stuart's) own children. "Your bairns," said the expiring Highlander, "were never company for me, dead or alive. But I'll tell you what to do with me: when the breath is out of my body, take my claymore, and break my back. Then lay me over the back of a beast, and carry me to the grave of my forefathers. Lay me with my face to those scoundrels, the Camerons, and put my claymore by my side." With this, he expired.

A friend of Montrose, being taunted by a Campbell for the long time that the head of that great man had been kept fixed on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh (1650 to 1660): "Montrose was too good a soldier to quit his post till he was relieved," quietly remarked the Graham, alluding to the fact of the marquis's head having been replaced there by that of his enemy, the Marquis of Argyll.—*Chambers's Journal*.

#### TURTLE.

By WINWOOD READE.

Coriseo Bay abounds with gray mullet and green turtle. The former are taken in casting-nets, made of the pine-apple fibre, which is soft and glossy as the finest silk. When the mullet are seen splashing in the shallows, the fisherman steps through the water as silently as he can, lifting his feet high, and, with a dexterous movement of the wrist, throws the net so that it spreads out in the air as it descends. It is drawn in full of shiny, dancing bodies, which are dried in the sun, and when they are "ripe," or, in other words, putrid, are used as a sauce *piquante* for plantains and cassada.

The turtle are speared by moonlight, and, as I wished to see something of the sport, Mr. Mackey introduced me to a skillful turtler named Abauhi, who told me it was now full moon, and so, if it did not rain, I could accompany him that very night. At sunset I watched the dark mountains on the main across the bay. Not a cloud appeared above them. At eight o'clock I went to Abauhi's hut; he said that when the moon rose above the plantains we could go.

It was one of those nights in which, say the natives, it is impossible to catch fish, because the sky has too many eyes. When the moon had risen above the green-leaved trees, Abauhi came forth, carrying a couple of long spears, and followed by two men with paddles in their hands. He led the way down to the beach, and pushed a small canoe into the water. He then asked me if I could swim, as canoes were often upset in the turtle-spearing business. I was obliged to reply that I could not. He seemed surprised at my venturing at all on the water in such a case, and advised me to go home again. Finding that I was not inclined to do this, he placed me in the bottom of the canoe, holding the sides with my hands, and told me not to stir after we had once started.

His injunction was quite unnecessary, for, as we wobbled along in this tiniest of vessels, it seemed to me that only a succession of

miracles kept it from capsizing. But after a little while I saw and admired how cleverly these men preserved its equilibrium with delicate touches of the paddle and inclinations of their bodies.

Now Abauhi stood up in the prow, with a foot on each gunwale, and the moon shone on his swelling arms as he threw himself into vigorous and graceful attitudes. We came to the lonely side of the island, where no lights glimmered on the shore, and no voices or music could be heard. Softly we glided through the shallow waters outside the dark shadows of the rocks and trees. The sweet and balmy air breathed lightly on our cheeks; the night-earth uttered its mysterious sounds; hushed and still lay the sea, and seemed to smile in the moonlight as it slept.

Two mortal hours, and nothing had been seen. Clouds encircled, and threatened to obscure the moon. My joints became horribly cramped; and when I looked at the dim water over which we passed, I could not believe that it was possible to see a turtle where I could see only the reflections of the stars.

But the two men continued to paddle without saying a word. Abauhi remained as attentive as ever, his eyes lowered and his spear upraised.

Suddenly the spear was hurled into the water. The men gave a yell. Something large and black leaped through the air, and fell into the sea with a prodigious splash. Abauhi snatched up a spare paddle, and the canoe seemed to fly. In front could be seen a cloud of white foam skimming along the surface of the sea. This I supposed to be the turtle itself; it was, however, the staff of the spear: the turtle was in the water underneath. The iron spear-head, which is small, with an almost imperceptible barb, is tied by a string to the staff or butt. When the spear is thrown, and the turtle is struck, the spear-head remains in the flesh, and the staff, separated from it but retained by the string, floats on the surface of the water, prevents the turtle from diving beyond the length of the string, and marks its course.

As soon as he had caught the staff, which, drawn by the turtle, was hissing along the surface of the sea, Abauhi drew the creature toward the canoe, playing it like a salmon. He then gave it the second spear; again it sprang from the sea, looking black against the moon; and we had another burst, but this time much shorter than the last. The turtle was now "distressed," and with a *yo hee yo!* (borrowed from English merchant-sailors) was hauled into the canoe, when Abauhi welcomed it by patting its head, and spitting down its mouth. This he told me was "play," and showed me a scar on his arm which a turtle had inflicted in sportive retribution.

We hunted an hour longer without a find, and then returned to Coriseo. The turtle lying in the bottom of the canoe uttered the most extraordinary sounds, all of which caricatured humanity. Sometimes it was a harsh, dry, consumptive cough; sometimes the hawking sound emitted by Yankees previous to expectoration; sometimes a deep-drawn, gasping, eructative, apoplectic, after-dinner sigh. I carefully noted down these vocal peculiarities, with a view of writing a memoir upon this interesting Batrachian; and the next day, having caused the animal to be dissected, I made three scientific experiments, all of which were attended with complete success. The first resulted in an excellent soup; the second, in a dish of cutlets; and the third, in liver fried. Of these I ate in the evening to repletion, and dreamed that I was alderman soup in the infernal regions, being lapped up by plethoric green turtle in scarlet robes.—*The African Sketch-Book*.

#### HAVANA LIFE.

Looked at from a social point of view, what immediately strikes a stranger is that Havana, like the Rome of Romulus, is a city without women. There die annually, out of a population of 205,000 souls, 3,652 white males to 1,204 white females, while the deaths among the colored people are, for the males, 1,046; for the females, 1,099. Thus, while the sexual numbers of the negro and mulatto population are almost balanced, with respect to the whites the proportion is something more than three males to one female. The fact, however, is self-evident. Hardly any other women than negroes are ever to be seen about. Ladies with any pretension to youth and beauty would sooner die than venture out unprotected, even for their early mass; and so uncommon is the sight of decent women unattended in the streets that foreign ladies, unacquainted with the custom, and sauntering from shop to shop, become the objects of a curiosity not unfrequently degenerating into impertinence. The causes of the disproportion between males and females are not far to seek. Besides the priests, the soldiers and sailors, and the public functionaries, whose tenure of office is extremely precarious, and who are either debarred from marriage or dread its encumbrances and responsibilities, there are here thousands of Spanish immigrants of the lower classes attracted to the spot by high wages, but looking upon themselves as birds of passage, who, consequently, would hardly dream of sending for women from home, while their contempt for the native race seldom allows them to look upon the Creole women with honorable intentions. I need not dwell upon the obvious results of this state of things. Suffice it to say that regard for women is by no means enhanced by their scarcity. There ensues an exclusively male society. The charms of *café* and club life, such as they are, wear the Havana husband from a home where real feminine accomplishments are as unknown as hearth-rugs and fire-irons. House-keeping in the town, and still more in the suburbs, is terribly up-hill work. Foreign consuls and other strangers usually try it on their first arrival, but soon learn to look even upon the hotel, with its smells and noises, as a haven from domestic storms. Nothing like available free service is to be obtained in a slave-holding community; the laziness, and, unless awed by the lash, the insolence, of the negro bondmen communicate themselves to the hired help, whatever be the color, race, or sex, working at the same task with him in a common household. Hence man's life in Havana is wholly out-of-doors, while for women there is no life within them. In no town in France or Italy have I ever seen so many, or, proportionately, such sumptuous and constantly-crowded *cafés* and restaurants. The Havana merchant is as eager to make money as he is ready to squander it. But the town supplies little besides gross material enjoyment for his money. A box at his third-rate opera, a drive in his dreary *prado*, are all the amusements he can have in common with his wife and daughter. For the rest, the women are left to mope alone at home, playing bo-peep with the passers-by from their window-gratings, or pacing the flat roofs of their houses like so many Sister Annes waiting for those who are never coming. With so little wholesome domestic society, it is pleasing to hear the character universally given for good conduct to the Havana women. Few of them, even of the lowest classes, frequent the cock-pit and the bull-ring, and the profligacy, the symptoms of which are everywhere only too conspicuous, is of Spanish or American—altogether of foreign importation.—*Correspondent London Times*.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

HOW well adapted the American intellect is for all the practical requirements of life everybody knows. Where other people are slow and dull, the American is quick of apprehension and energetic in action. Where others are almost impregnable to new ideas, the American evinces a flexible adaptability to fresh conditions, a promptness and readiness for new circumstances, that are the surprise and admiration of the world. But, while our national talent for affairs is thus conspicuously evident, it may be gravely questioned whether we are exhibiting in the higher branches of effort either the capacity or the culture worthy of us.

In no direction do we at present find the American intellect either leading or impressing the thought of the world. We are compelled to go abroad for masters—whether we study the science of politics, the laws of government, the mysteries of Nature, the culture of the schools, or even the products of the imagination. An immense activity is apparent in every branch of intellectual effort, but in Americans this activity is evident almost solely in appreciation rather than in performance. And, what is strange, the relation of appreciation to performance is greater now than it was a generation ago. When Cooper and Irving were leading lights, and Longfellow, and Emerson, and Lowell, and Poe, and Hawthorne, were coming to the front, our literature had a higher relative place than at present, when we have no new poets to place by the side of Morris and Swinburne (Emerson, Longfellow, and others of our older authors still living, belong rather to the literature of the last generation), no scientists to compare with Tyndall and Huxley, no novelists to rank with Collins, and Reade, and Trollope, no philosophers to measure with Spencer, no essayists, perhaps, to equal Arnold and Hamerton (although in this branch we are and always have been fruitful), no economists to contend with Mill or Harrison, no true leadership in any thing to compete with leadership in England.

Why is this humiliation upon us? We are not slothful in things intellectual! We are animated by earnest desires for culture! We are covering the land with schools and colleges! We have hosts of students in all branches of study, and we keenly prize the worth and the exaltation of intellectual achievements. The people as a body are probably more alive to matters of literature and mental progress than any other in the world. And yet, out of this abundance of genuine activity and effort, we produce almost nothing. This is a great puzzle, the solution of which can only be guessed at. The proneness of the national genius to action rather than speculation, the brilliant inducements of mercantile and professional careers, the

restlessness of our national character which leads to the superficial study of many things, rather than to the thorough mastery of a few—these facts may be sufficient to account for our intellectual vassalage.

But not in leadership or in the higher branches of literature only do we find these facts to exist—in some of the most ordinary fields of literary labor there is a contrast between American and English methods which is very notable. Take, for illustration, what may be called reform literature—writings aiming to enforce ideas of life and conduct, or devoted to the criticism of social customs. In English productions of this class, there are commonly a good sense and wise moderation, a discretion and wisdom, which we are far from finding among American writers on the same subjects.

As an admirable instance of English taste in this direction, we may cite Hamerton's recently-published volume, entitled "Intellectual Life." The purpose of this volume is to consider the possibilities of a satisfactory intellectual life, under various conditions of ordinary human existence; and, by intellectual life, the author means not simply erudition or accomplishment, but a sort of virtue which delights in vigorous and beautiful thinking, a state of mind which seeks earnestly for the highest and purest truth. This volume is full of refreshing common-sense—not that sort of common-sense which consists of platitudes, but that which comes of a close analysis, keen discernment, wise balancing of argument and conditions, large sympathy, and penetrating insight. The book is always original, and always supremely sane. It preaches no crusade; it is an advocate of no theories; it has no "isms." The most conservative man in the world would find pleasure in it, and the most advanced thinker would discover fresh suggestions.

How would such a book be written in America? If we have a right to judge by what has been done and is doing in our literature of this class, we may safely assume that the American author would have made it polemical, would have filled it with a hundred wild theories, would have fiercely denounced all existing institutions and advocated a host of experimental ones as substitutes, would have had an "ism" as a panacea for every known social evil, would, in brief, have been hotly revolutionary, and emptied his performance of pretty nearly every condition of sanity, discretion, or largeness of knowledge.

Would all American writers have done so? We answer by asking what American writer on these topics is there who has not done so? Absolutely, in the whole domain of social economy, we have been cursed—or amused—by a set of writers, who have begun their tasks by first eliminating human nature from their theories, and then by casting out common-sense from their brains. There is no such thing, in all our literature, as judicial breadth or wise discernment in the treatment

of social matters—when social matters are specially the topics of the writers. There are, of course, not a few admirable and wise incidental touches scattered through our literature; but those who make habits and conditions of life their theme are almost invariably warm and bigoted extremists. An American would seem to be nothing unless fanatical. Because convention in some things may be reformed, convention is at once assumed as vicious in all its forms. Because there are errors of taste in dress, all that the world has established in the principles of dress must be revolutionized. Because there are excesses in the indulgence of the palate, all the dishes that have the sanction of time, and all the customs of the table, are denounced. Whoever, with us, enters literature as a reformer, seems to be specially endowed with narrowness; whatever is crude, or half known, or specious, or undetermined in the philosophy of hygiene, medicine, work, dress, occupation, food, drink, social habits; whatever has no foundation in the sane facts of life or justification in the calm courts of reason, is sure to catch the fancy of these impressible and undisciplined zealots.

And then we have no respect for authority. Everybody may teach what he pleases; and the charlatan is quite as likely to find hearers, and make converts, as the trained expert. As he who talks loudest and uses most emphasis, more quickly wins the attention of a crowd, so our reformers are turbulent and violent in order to be heard. We shall never have a sweet, pure, truly instructive literature in the direction of social reform until taste is advanced, and sound discernment displace a present willingness to listen to every one who substitutes novelty and clamor for wisdom.

— With all the English love and veneration for ancient monuments, London possesses few architectural relics of five centuries ago. The present St. Paul's is but two hundred years old; the Parliament Palace was built within the memory of men still living; the Guildhall, the Mansion House, and the Royal Exchange, have been erected since Cromwell's time; Buckingham and St. James's Palaces are comparatively recent. Excepting Westminster Hall and Abbey, parts of the Tower and parts of the Temple, scarcely a public edifice of the time of the Plantagenets can be pointed out. One relic, however, is about to be swept away by the inexorable demand for space in the metropolis, the memory of which is preserved in poetry likely to last for many generations to come; a relic recalling to us the knightly days of the Edwards and the Black Prince, the century when Chaucer sang in England, and Petrarch was making melodious love to Laura in Provence, and just before the Wars of the Roses were to plunge Britain into a long chaos of civil strife. The Tabard Inn, which still stands near by London Bridge, on the Southwark side, amid a gloomy jumble of lanes and "closes," of



houses infantile in age compared to it, but extremely venerable as regards modern, West-End London, has been sold at auction, and is to be forthwith pulled down. The Tabard is said to preserve almost every feature which it had when, almost five centuries ago, Dan Chaucer made it the scene of the departure of his Canterbury pilgrims for the shrine of Thomas à Becket. Who can think without emotion that the quaint old tavern where every one, who has read the "Canterbury Tales"—and who has not?—has in fancy tarried, is to be torn down, to give place to a commonplace brewery? There it is, tumble-down and lopsided, with its awkward gable ends, its ancient sign-posts, its now dingy and musty court-yard, its pitch-roof and diminutive windows, very much as it was when the knight who loved "chevalrie, trouthe, and honour, freedom and courtesie," the young squire, "a lover and a lusty bachelor," the "coy and simple" nun, the monk with jingling "bridel," the "good wif" of Bath, and the rest of Chaucer's jovial, goodly pilgrim company, sat in its cozy hall, and began to spin yarns for each other's delectation. The scene of this meeting at the Tabard is one of the most vivid in all literature; the figure of each pilgrim is almost as familiar, and his or her qualities almost as distinct to the fancy, as those of Mr. Pickwick and Sir John Falstaff. The Tabard in Chaucer's day was a gay and fashionable resort. Chaucer himself, who was a great man at court, the brother-in-law of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, often went thither with a glittering company of knights and dames; there are even stories of royal carousals held there on summer nights, when the king's sons came home from the wars with their noble comrades-in-arms. It is a pity that so ancient and so peculiarly hallowed a relic should be sacrificed, even for money-getting; for it may be said that the Tabard was the birthplace, or at least the cradle, of English song. The "Canterbury Tales" were probably written at Woodstock; but, it is not less probable that the idea of them and the plot were, to some degree, thought out in the odd, once comfortable, but now rather gloomy little rooms, which are soon to be demolished to serve the purposes of the English propensity for beer.

M. Thiers, during his brilliant presidency, made at least one mistake which his successor seems to have lost no time in correcting. With the republican form he undertook to introduce republican gravity into social circles. The *filles* at the presidential mansion were of the dreariest; state pageants were discouraged, and almost tabooed; Madame Thiers sought to impose on fashion the sombreness of the plainest apparel without the relief of jewels or tasteful *broderies*; Paris was dull, desperately dull, in as well as out of season. The "old man eloquent," while a political success, was a de-

plorable social failure. It would be difficult to define wherein republicanism and social gayety, or even brilliant public shows and pageants, are inconsistent; but M. Thiers seems to have been impressed with an idea that they are so. Now it is certain that, if a republic means a severe simplicity, the Parisians, and especially the Parisian ladies, will have none of it. It is their inveterate nature to be gay, even, like Mark Tapley, under circumstances the most discouraging; bright colors, glittering uniforms, imposing processions and ceremonies, gala performances at the opera, great reviews on the Champs Elysées, races at Longchamps, balls at the Elysées and the Hôtel-de-Ville, are a part of Parisian existence, and are indispensable to the content of the light-hearted and volatile metropolis. The social gloom of Thiers's presidency was an error of policy. The republic, to be popular, must be as showy and thus as attractive to the Parisian eye as the empire. Let it once be identified with a half-Puritan sobriety, and it is doomed by the hands of those who created it. With MacMahon's accession the whole face of Parisian society has greatly changed. The butterflies of fashion have emerged from the obscurity in which they have existed for two years, with gayest vari-colored wings and airiest flight. The round of dazzling balls, crowded with the costumes of rank and the lavish toilets which recall the reign of the Princess Metternich and the Countess Portales, have succeeded to the sedate assemblages of M. Thiers; the bronzed soldier-president appears full-uniformed, and surrounded by a dazzling galaxy of military dignitaries, on the main stand at the "Grand Prix;" and every art seems to be borrowed from the empire to amuse and delight the people. Society is once more in gala; and it is difficult to predict how important an influence the official encouragement given the new powers to its displays may have upon the political future of France.

One of our contemporaries, in reviewing a book of poetical selections, takes occasion to condemn all books of this character as encouraging in the reader a superficial knowledge of literature. In the estimation of this reviewer, books of excerpts are shams; they provoke dishonesty and laziness, and are mainly used by people who want to put on a show of learning. This is nothing more than the old contempt which scholars have always expressed for books that serve to bring information easily to the mass of the people; it was once abundantly showered upon encyclopedias and dictionaries, and has always been employed against all methods of popularizing knowledge. But, as the world goes on, these condensations of literature, these manuals whereby the busy reader may readily attain a general survey of epochs and sciences, are certain not only to become more popular, but to take rank as necessary aids to the student. It is better, no doubt, to know a few things well, than many things superficially; but in the education of the future, with the daily cumulation of science and literature, it will be impossible to know many things more than superficially. The best

scholars will be compelled in some things, at least, to learn at second-hand; to furnish themselves mainly with that which has been gleaned; to obtain general knowledge by means of easy methods, reserving special themes only for full and exhaustive study. And while encyclopedias and manuals will thus render all students important service, for the busy men of the world, for the great multitude who have only brief time for study, they have been and are indispensable, if these classes are to know any thing at all of literature and science; and this fact might well long since have modified the lordly contempt critics and scholars have bestowed upon them.

Our claim a few weeks since for woman's one fundamental right, *rest*, has met with a few cordial responses. We wish the principles we laid down could meet with general acceptance—for not in woman's labor, but in her ease, rests the welfare of the sex, and in that welfare, the hopes of the generations to come. Among the letters we have received on this theme is one from the South that very earnestly supports our views. "Place a woman," says the writer, who is a woman herself, "in business-life—not in some pleasant employment surrounded by friends, but let her meet its exigencies alone, and she will learn the truth, that woman is physically incapable of such a life. She may succeed for a time; nay, work faithfully and well, but the penalty must be paid in disease, wretchedness, often in death. . . . The toil that strengthens man's frame bows woman down before her time; the labor that gives him appetite, sleep, elasticity of spirits, gives her trembling hands, hollow cheeks, and sad, heavy eyes. . . . Why should a woman ever wish for more than to be child, sister, wife, mother? How full, how wide, how sweet, how high and holy a destiny! And why does not man always see that for these precious duties, essential to his happiness, she needs ease? Some of the noblest of men do not recognize their worth until the clouds cover their storm-beaten lilies. Then how tenderly would they lift and shield them—too late!" So much has been written about woman's right to labor, that it is well to heed what those who labor have to say upon the matter; and, perhaps, if we listen well, we may soon discover that the passionate lament of woman, the heart-wrung cry that must often break from her lips, is for peace and rest. For many who are fighting the wolf from the door there can be, most unhappily, no respite; but men everywhere, take the burdens of life upon yourselves, and see that your wives have nurture, care, and their natural right of exemption from taxing labor!

"How to spend the vacation season" is a question that perplexes nearly everybody. The attractions of the mountains are canvassed in comparison with those of the sea-shore; each of the watering-places undergoes endless scrutiny and criticism; different modes of travel are up for favor or disapprobation; and the debate commonly ends by accepting some often-tried resort as, after all, the best that can be done. But there are many devices that would give novelty and

relish to the vacation season which seem never to be thought of. Instead of the old sea-shore and watering-place sojournings, why should not a family embark in a carriage for a prolonged country tour—"marooning," as the Southerners say, or picnicking as we would call it, on the road-side; going slow or fast, as the inclination prompted; stopping at places briefly or not, as might seem pleasant; diverging from the road to visit a mountain, or a cascade, or a lake; resting when wearied; having good opportunity to see all the features of the country? Such a tour, if well managed, would afford innumerable pleasures. The valley of the Connecticut, for instance, would be a superb territory for an expedition of the kind. Another method would be for a number of persons to unite and charter a large yacht or comfortable schooner, and make a tour of the coast, stopping at important or interesting places. The coast of Maine—"many-harbored Maine," as Whittier calls it—with its islands, bays, cliffs, mountains, and splendid fishing-grounds, would be highly attractive for such an expedition. So would Long-Island Sound, Delaware Bay, the Chesapeake—our shores, indeed, are all finely indented, and their exploration would afford many delights. People who are tired of Newport, Long Branch, Saratoga, or the White Mountains, should give these suggestions a thought.

### Art, Music, and Drama.

IT is sometimes said that the chief cause of the artistic nature of Italians is the fact that every individual, from the prince to the beggar, lives in the midst of beautiful surroundings. The child asleep on the pavements has but to open his eyes to see about him masses of color and arrangements of forms, aesthetically delightful, however old and faded the material out of which the effect is produced.

Beauty, except in natural objects, has not been common in our own country; and the traditional belief among the middle classes is that artistic elegance was only possible to wealth and its resources. Of late years, the students of Ruskin have been taught that form was superior to material, and suitable combinations of color to ill-harmonized tints of silk or satin.

It is from this stand-point that we have welcomed the introduction into this country of Japanese and Chinese ornaments, and costly old European furniture and porcelain-ware. These articles were at first exclusively the property of the wealthy, but now the facilities of communication have put at least the cheapest of them within the reach of every one; and even the cheapest, including fans and paper-hangings, prove to be as beautiful in tints as camel's-hair or crepe.

It was with great pleasure that we visited, the other day, a store recently opened in Boston, by Mr. C. W. Elliott, and devoted to "household art." Unlike Sypher's and Marcotte's, whose collections of costly antique and modern articles are solely within the means of the wealthy, this store is designed to bring to people of moderate incomes decoration and furniture for their dwellings, based on honest taste, which shall supersede the imitation of meretricious French ornament, and furnish only sensible and substantial manufactures.

The readers of Eastlake's recent volume on "Household Taste" were often delighted with his suggestions; and visions of sofas whose springs should not break, chairs that could be trusted not to lose their veneered legs, and tables not warping to pieces, rooms filled with softly-tinted woods, chestnut and oak and butternut upholstered in leather and satin of harmonious colors, flitted before their eyes. But here came the question of cost, and nearly every chair and table was found to exceed in value by several times the necessary expense of the furniture ordinarily in use.

The national taste cannot be elevated till beautiful things are habitually about us; and it is as a missionary to help to lay this foundation that Mr. Elliott, after spending several years in Europe, studying the best specimens of antique furniture and household ornament, in investigating modern as well as old pottery, tiles and terra-cotta ware, has brought to a practical conclusion the result of his studies.

Going into the suite of rooms in which his specimens are contained, the eye is greeted by a set of "bits" that might have been taken bodily from pictures by the best artists of the interiors of houses. A neutral-gray balise covers the floor, and a russet-leather-colored paper the walls; and here are ranged old, black clocks mounted in brass, tables that might be thought to be mediæval if it were not that here and there some detail betrays them by a modern invention which has been tested as a genuine improvement.

All the designers of furniture in this country are Germans, and they imitate, almost with servility, French models. By close study and thought, Mr. Elliott has been enabled to adapt the old shapes to new uses; and, as a result, he gives us chairs as honest in material and as strong as the old ones, but not so clumsy. It is the principle of Ruskin and the practice of Eastlake that the essential and necessary structure of an object should never be lost sight of, nor concealed by secondary forms or ornament. The arches of the Gothic cathedral always suggest a branched avenue of trees, let the architecture be as composite as it may; and the simple impression of natural sticks of wood, bound together in the frame of a chair, constitutes the charm of some of the best old furniture.

One of the most attractive pieces of Mr. Elliott's design—a bookcase, with drawers and cupboard—is cut out of plain oaken boards, which are strongly and simply matched together, without the aid of glue, or apparently of nails even. Strong and simple metal rings and hinges, on the outside of the drawers and doors of the cupboards, light up the front, and help to ornament surfaces that are almost entirely plain, except the delicate cutting of a conventional vine in the edge of the wood; and, with the addition of narrow strips of different-colored leathers tacked to the top of each shelf above the books, this piece of furniture is an object pleasant to contemplate and satisfactory to the purest taste.

A charming and cheap decoration is afforded by square tiles; and these, by-the-way, are now painted in this country, some after Japanese designs and in flat colors. Inexpensive hall-chairs at the household art-rooms, which might be too heavy, and would look too plain, made of simple slabs of black-walnut, are brightened up and made interesting by small tile-insertions of pink and buff, or scarlet blossoms, or conventional arabesques.

Sensitive critics have described to us the charm of light and shade produced by carving and irregularity on the flat walls of buildings. Few persons are aware of the effect to be

gained from sinking drawers half an inch below the front framework of a bureau, or that two or three broad lines, cut in the plain panel of a door, produce, with scarcely any expense, an effect of light and shade and elegance as great as can be gained by inlaying one wood with another.

We saw here, too, some little mirrors, fit for a chamber, as plain in make as the ordinary looking-glass, and costing only five dollars. The expense, we are bound to say, was put into the small but excellent plate of French glass; but a narrow strip of pine-wood surrounded it; and here elegance had tinted the framework a polished bright blue, and the color was adorned with a delicate silver vine.

We do not say there is only one style for these things, nor pretend to decide if there is an absolute standard in house decoration, any more than to decide which is the best type of architecture; but, apart from the consideration of whether curves or straight lines, heavy or light framework, should be used, cultivation of taste is to be gained from habitually contemplating objects whose construction carries out the purpose for which they were made, where the real form is not crushed out by ornamentation, and where combinations of color, such as Nature has made to accord with our eye as the air does with our lungs, like the browns of meadow-marshes and leafless woods, the tints of flowers in their combination of light, half-light, and shadow, and the harmonies of sea-colors and atmospheres, shall be looked to as the proper models on which to construct our every-day homes. And, now that the women of America have reached such really artistic effect in dress, we hope that the next idea for all classes to develop will be, to study artistic and wholesome combinations of furniture and color in their houses; and, when people universally consent to recognize household decoration and furniture as a fine art only second to painting or sculpture, they will agree that a beautiful object is beautiful, whether it is formed by agreeable lines and colors in a real apartment, or is only represented in paint.

Madame Ristori has appeared in London as *Marie Antoinette*, a personation which the American public had an opportunity of witnessing several years ago. It is undoubtedly one of the most effective of her renditions, and we find the London journals quite enthusiastic in its praise. We quote from a long criticism in the *Spectator* the following passage: "To describe duly Madame Ristori's acting throughout would be to follow every look, gesture, and sentence. It is, of course, profoundly studied, and yet it bears no trace of study. . . . We do not think any thing much finer can have been seen on any stage than her acting in act iii., scene xi., when the mob invade the Tuileries. As the infuriated women rush into the room, and the royal group shrink back into the embrasure of the window, the queen seizes the Princess de Lamballe, who has placed herself before her, and with a movement of extraordinary quickness and strength, literally flings her back into a place of safety. It is as quick as thought, but it is never to be forgotten, any more than the gesture with which, as *Mary Stuart*, she wipes the waiting-woman's eyes with her fingers, when she begs that she may come with her to the scaffold, with that sweet, pleading, assuring '*non piangerà*' that brings tears to every eye. The appeal of the fallen Queen of France to the women, as she kneels before them in advance of the court group, is wonderfully fine in language and expression, and the sonorous and soft Italian tongue ren-

ders it doubly effective. It is impossible to think of it as a speech learned by heart; it flows, it rushes, it pours over her trembling lips, and every line of the face is as eloquent. In the dreadful scene of the parting between Louis and his family, Madame Ristori achieves the utmost perfection of the expression of suffering; the impossibility of bearing it, and the abject helplessness of the sufferer, the bewildered notion that it cannot be, and yet the knowledge effacing every other consciousness that it is the spasmodic strength, the prostration, the physical anguish defying control, the worm-like writhing, the sudden stricken stillness, the inarticulate moaning, the half-crazy doubt, and the frantic force of conviction; the wailing, the wild, shivering sob, the dragging weariness, and yet the horrid torturing consciousness of the remorseless flight of time. When she falls down on her husband's breast, and then, calling herself accursed, sinks on her knees; when she solemnly blesses him for his love, his faith, his forbearance; when she holds herself apart for a few moments consecrated to his children, shrinking against the wall; when she drags herself at his knees, clutching him with the convulsive strength of unbearable agony; when she dashes herself against the door which has closed on him; when she kneels, in tumbled feebleness, with her children, during the time of his execution, and the girl prays aloud, but she can only gasp, 'Dio, Dio mio, misericordia!' when she receives his last words from *Malakherba*, and in the supremely horrible scene of the struggle with *Simon* when the *Dauphin* is torn from her, and she is left, stricken into the temporary fatuity of despair, clasped in her daughter's arms, with fixed eyes, stony limbs, and dropped jaw, the grand, horrid truth is almost too much to bear. Her tigress spring upon *Simon*, the bound from the exhaustion of sorrow to the mad, ferocious rage of maternal love, the swift succeeding helpless obedience, that she may win a little mercy for the child, are quite agonizing. Probably nothing like them has been seen since the prison-chamber in the Temple saw them, if it did see them, in reality."

"At no *fiets* in the Scala, at Milan, or in the San Carlo, at Naples, two of the largest opera-houses in Europe, have we seen," says the London *Athenaeum*, "a more imposing spectacle than at the Royal Albert Hall on the occasion of the shah's visit. Our only regret is that the hall is not devoted to national opera during three parts of the year, and to Italian opera during the fashionable season. The Persian monarch, however, has evidently no taste for music. The coalesced crack bands of our regiments, the stringed orchestra, the colossal organ, and grand chorus, could not excite his enthusiasm, even when executing what was playfully termed a 'Persian National March,' the themes of which have served as Turkish and Egyptian, and will be used again as Chinese or Japanese, when the rulers of those countries visit England, which they will doubtless do at an early period. Trouble seemed to have been taken to please the shah by a diversified selection of music. He might have been impressed by the severity of Mr. Sullivan's 'Te Deum,' by the 'Domine salvam fac Regiam,' in its *fortissimo* climax, and he ought to have been touched by the 'Quis est homo' of Meadames Tietjens and Trebelli-Bettini, from Rossini's 'Stabat Mater,' only Mohammed is the Prophet of Allah. Then there were the prayer from 'Moise,' the 'Masaniello' overture, the march and chorus from Herr Wagner's 'Tannhäuser,' the march from Sir M. Costa's 'Eli,' and his quartet, 'Ecco quel

fiero,' besides the singing, by Mr. Sims Reeves, of Balfe's popular ballad, 'When other lips and other hearts,' Signor Rota's lament, in Donizetti's 'Ah! non aveva,' and Madame Trebelli-Bettini's lively exemplification of a Spanish dance, in M. Offenbach's *bolero*, 'C'est l'Espagne.' But the shah was not moved by them, or by Mr. Barnby's 'Ode.' What palpably excited the shah's admiration was the effect of some electric lights in the gallery, which were displayed when the national anthem was struck up, and the diamonds of the monarch shone brilliantly."

A new oratorio by Mr. Barnett, entitled "The Raising of Lazarus," has met with success in London. The *Athenaeum* remarks: "To sum up briefly the merits and attractions of 'The Raising of Lazarus,' it is a gratification that, contending with conventionality as the composer has been compelled to do, he has displayed fancy and imagination, combined with the qualifications of the thoroughly-trained musician. That his book, too prolonged in detail, owing to the absence of more stirring action, presented impediments to a more varied treatment, there can be no doubt; but despite, perhaps, inevitable monotony and mannerism, there is, on the whole, an amount of invention and ingenuity that reflects the highest credit on the powers of Mr. Barnett."

Signor Verdi intends to write a funeral mass in honor of Alessandro Manzoni, to be performed on the first anniversary of the poet's death. . . . Rubinstein announces his intention of playing no more in public, but to devote the remainder of his life to composition. . . . Among the novelties in Vienna at this moment are concerts given by an orchestra of thirty-three females. Most of these are young and of prepossessing appearance, and many really talented. . . . The people of Paris are impatient at the slow progress of the Grand Opera-House, and the municipality have voted an "extraordinary credit," which, it is thought, will bring it to completion by the end of next year.

Gustave Doré was asked to contribute a drawing to a charitable lottery, in Paris recently, and sent a water-color of great value. It represents a Sister of Mercy carrying off a child in her arms during the bombardment of Paris by the Prussians, and both in style and composition is considered a masterpiece.

M. Thiers is said to be about commencing the composition of a work on the arts of Italy during the middle ages, the materials for which he has been collecting for a long time past.

### Literary Notes.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & CO. have added another volume to their "International Science Series"—the valuable and exhaustive treatise of Dr. Edward Smith, of London, on "Foods." No subject has been more discussed than this most important one of the composition, the preparation, and the good or bad effects of what we eat; and there is no exaggeration in saying that none has ever been more subjected to prejudiced and unjust treatment at the hands of extremists and the riders of countless hobbies. Even high authorities have been unable to rid themselves of the impressions made upon them by their individual notions—from opinions derived solely from observing effects on their own systems. It is gratifying to have placed before us in Dr. Smith's essay a book free

from these objections—a statement of investigations made in a truly scientific spirit, and a report made so clearly that every one may grasp its facts without any false coloring of personal theories. We have called the treatise exhaustive, meaning to speak from the popular point of view; but, indeed, its plan seems to make it as nearly so as can be desired, even by the scientific reader. Dividing foods into the great classes of solid, liquid, and gaseous, Dr. Smith makes, under the first head, the subdivisions of animal and vegetable foods. Each of these classes he again divides into nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous. The cooking and preparation of flesh are the subjects of his introduction to the treatment of nitrogenous animal nutriment; then follow chapters on the different methods of preserving meat, and afterward on bone, lean and fat meat, the different kinds of edible flesh, beef, veal, mutton, lamb, pork, the flesh of wild animals, etc., etc. The chapter on eggs, and those on fish and poultry, follow. Under non-nitrogenous animal foods, butter, lard, and oils, are considered. Under nitrogenous vegetable foods there are, besides what is said of grains, peas, beans, etc., two excellent chapters on bread, the methods of its preparation, and their effects. Fruits are also thoroughly treated. Liquid foods, of course, include water, milk, the teas, coffee, and alcoholic stimulants. "Gaseous Food" is the heading of two excellent chapters on atmospheric air. With regard to these, Dr. Smith says in his preface: "I have thought it desirable to somewhat extend the ordinary view of foods, and to include water and air, since they are subjects which command great attention, both in their food and sanitary aspects."

If "What to wear," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, were a book likely to have the least effect upon the public mind, we should certainly endeavor to say something in protest against it; but it is like Mrs. Partington's famous attempt to sweep back the Atlantic; or, like a Millerite prophet's shouting himself hoarse in warning every one to go home and repent, for the world will end to-morrow; and its effect will not, we think, be such as to call for much expression of opinion. We are confident that, by dint of explanation and lucid argument, it might have been made clear to Mrs. Partington that the building of a dike would have more effect in ten minutes toward keeping her kitchen unattacked by sea-water than the labor of ten thousand brooms for a century. Nor should we entirely despair of converting the Millerite to other methods of warning the world of its approaching doom. But that a New-England reformer, of the true extremist school, will ever be convinced that there are better and more judicious methods of conducting a reform than this truculent fashion of sitting on one's pet hobby and raging at the world with a bitterness that almost suggests personal hatred—that such a reformer can be changed to a more judicious theory of the use of power—we concede to be among the impossibilities. Only the lookers-on see how wide is the difference between the unselfish wars that overthrow abuses, and the tirades which convey the saddening impression of a loss of temper because their author finds himself powerless. The lookers-on are sorry for the loss of temper, but they are seldom converted by it.

"What the Swallows sang," the last volume of the "Leisure Hour Series," is a very spirited translation of a novel by Friedrich Spielhagen, one of the leaders among those German writers of fiction whose works are



most familiar to English and American readers. The book falls much below Spielhagen's best romances, and it seems to us like one of those unfortunate stories that a really great author writes now and then merely "to sell," without the spur of any special inspiration, but putting a few somewhat worn characters and scenes together, with an obvious effort infusing a little characteristic spirit into the whole, and sending out into the world to be "floated" in the literary market solely by the strength of his name. The characters and plot of "What the Swallows sang" are alike forced and unnatural; the skill and ability of treatment which might, even under these circumstances, have made the story valuable, are wanting, and it has nothing left to give it a *raison d'être*.

Mr. J. F. Loubat's account of "Fox's Mission to Russia"—the memorable expedition sent by our government, in 1866, to congratulate the czar on his escape from assassination—is a valuable record of an incident in our diplomatic history, as pleasant as it was unique. The volume, which is published in a most attractive form by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., has been prepared by an able writer and editor, Mr. John D. Champlin, Jr., to whose care and skill are due the excellent arrangement and preparation of the materials furnished him by Mr. Loubat, who was himself one of those accompanying Mr. Fox upon his journey.

"Ropes of Sand," a collection of stories published by Messrs. Osgood & Co., is a disagreeably imitative book. It has some merits, it is true, but the author's mind seems so entirely possessed by other men's styles, that he cannot speak for himself, but gives us first a chapter of one writer and then of another, according to his subject. Let the reader follow the account of old Top and his room in the first part of the book, for example, and see of what it reminds him; and he will find the rest only variations of the same imitative quality.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have published, under the title of "The Argument at Geneva," the full official report of all the arguments, cases, etc., presented to the arbitrators in the case of the Alabama claims. The book is made up entirely from official material, and places within reach of the whole public that which it is impossible for more than a favored few to secure from the State Department.

The London *Athenaeum*, in reviewing Professor Huxley's "Critiques and Addresses" (published in America by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.), speaks of the book in terms of the highest praise. The thirteen essays collected in it, are, it thinks, of great permanent value, and "the work, notwithstanding its apparently fragmentary character, has no small degree of organic unity."

## Scientific Notes.

THE students of science, not satisfied with solving the mysteries of the inorganic world, nor willing to rest after having bid the sun and stars repeat to them the story of their origin, constitution, and destiny; not content with calling upon the sea to reveal to them its deeply-hidden treasures of life and beauty, they now dare even to approach the confines of death's realm, at the gate-way of which they knock boldly for admission; finding no rest in the assurance that there comes to all men a final ending of all things, they must needs map out and sound all those hidden pathways and

channels, through which the body approaches this mysterious goal or haven we call death. The result being certain, the phenomena which attend and precede its final accomplishment must be made clear. So far, however, these investigations have been confined to the physical causes and accompaniments of death, while the problem—if problem it be—of spiritual destiny is left to the theologian and the record. In a recent paper on the "Physiology of Death," which appeared in the July number of THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, Fernand Papillon gives in detail the various theories relating to this subject, reviewing it in its physiological aspect merely, and reaching conclusions which are not without comfort to those who have watched and agonized over the unconscious suffering of some dear friend or fellow-mortal. From this paper we condense briefly a few of the more important facts and conclusions. Among the early theories, is that advanced by Leibnitz in his later years, who, conceiving of generation as a progress of life through degrees, conceived of death also as a gradual regress of the same principle. "Death is no sudden phenomenon nor instantaneous vanishing—it is a slow operation, a retrogradation; . . . when it shows itself to us, it is only after it has a long time been wearing away the organism, unperceived by us because dissolution first attacks parts invisibly small." Such is the theory of a profound thinker, who was yet unable to verify or refute his views by actual experiment, since dissections and *post-mortem* examinations were rare and difficult. To Bichat, who lived at the end of the eighteenth century, physiology owes its most valued suggestions, and the modern theory of death, though based upon a more extended course of experimental research, is essentially that advanced and supported by Bichat in his "Physiological Researches upon Life and Death." The author in this work groups the so-called vital functions under three heads: the brain, the heart, and the lungs, and shows how the death of either one of these three organs assures that of the others, and, in succession, the gradual stoppage of all the functions. It is this idea of succession which lies at the foundation of the whole theory. In continuation of these investigations, it is claimed that the complete life of animals, including man, is made up of two orders of phenomena, those of circulation and nutrition, a distinction being drawn between organic life and so-called animal life; vegetables possess the former only, but in the animal organism both are intimately blended. The marked and aggressive feature of this theory is that, on the occurrence of death, these two sorts of life do not disappear at one and the same moment; and, moreover, it is the animal life, which would appear to include the spiritual, that suffers the first stroke. The man who dies of old age, dies "in detail." The senses, one by one, fail, and "each bond that attaches the old man to existence parts by slow degrees;" and yet, after all these are gone, sight, hearing, touch, taste, and memory even, yet the internal life persists, and it is not till nutrition ceases that the secretions dry up, the capillary circulation becomes clogged, and, last of all, the heart contractions cease, that death comes. "He who dies of old age, dies as a vegetable, which, having no consciousness of life, can have no consciousness of death." If this be true, then it would appear that, even if the soul—that mysterious accompaniment of human life—remain till the last, its functions have ceased, and its destiny is no longer a cause of either hope or fear, since the nerves, and the brain which they attend, are both dead. But this form of death is rare, and yet

a description of it best serves to illustrate the theory of succession, as a proof of this dual theory of death. The writer notices, among numerous other experiments, that performed by Spallanzani. He conceived the idea of making a crow eat a certain quantity of food, and killing it immediately after the meal. He then placed the body where it would be kept at the same temperature as that of a living bird. On opening the body six hours later, it was found that the food was thoroughly digested. Many other similar instances are cited; among them, those of experiments performed upon the bodies and heads of criminals who had been guillotined; these included treatment with various stimulants, electric currents, etc., and it was found that, under the proper conditions, all the signs of physical life were made apparent. So impressed was M. Brown-Séquard with the possibility of restoring the functions of life to the animal body, that he refused to repeat upon the head of a decapitated malefactor an experiment which had been successful upon the head of a dog—"not choosing," as he said, "to witness the tortures of this fragment of a being recalled for an instant to sensibility and life." Without continuing further the consideration of these numerous experiments and their results, we willingly pass to the closing sentence, in which the writer, disassociating the soul from the body, grants to the former an existence freed from its prison of flesh, "to attain which is to rise to a clearer knowledge of all that it had only known obscurely, and to a purer love of what it had adored through the veil of sense; and this certainty, which is the ennobling and elevating force of life, is also the consolation of death."

From time to time during the past year our readers have been greeted with the announcement that a new planet had been added to the list of solar satellites. In but a single instance, however, have we had to record the discovery of a planet which might lay claim to the full dignity of that title. To this new orb, or rather old orb, as seen with new eyes, has been given the name of Vulcan. Its orbit is intra-Mercurial, and, according to the computations of Professors Alexander and Kirkwood, its periodic time may be reckoned at about 24d. 22h. 31m. The history of the discovery of Vulcan, together with the correspondence relative thereto, appeared in the JOURNAL of the date May 24, 1873. The other planets discovered during the past and present year belong to the order of the asteroids, the orbits of which are situated between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. This list of planets and asteroids discovered from January, 1872, to the present date includes one of the former and thirteen of the latter. The dates of these discoveries, with the names of the observers and of the planets themselves, are as follows:

March 15, 1872.—Asteroid, *Pitho*; discovered at Bilk, by R. Luther.

April 3, 1872.—Asteroid (not named); at Ann Arbor, Michigan, by Professor J. C. Watson.

April 10, 1872.—Asteroid, *Lachesis*; at Mar-seilles, by Borelly.

May 12, 1872.—Asteroid (not named); at Ann Arbor, by Professor Watson.

July 31, 1872.—Asteroids, *Gerda* and *Brunhilda*; at Clinton, New York, by Professor C. H. F. Peters.

August 25, 1872.—Asteroid, *Alcestis*; at Clinton, New York, by Professor Peters.

September 11, 1872.—Asteroid (not named); at Paris, by Prosper Henry.

November 5, 1872.—Two asteroids (not named); at Paris, by Paul Henry.

November 25, 1872.—Asteroid (not named); at Ann Arbor, by Professor Watson.

February 5, 1873.—Asteroid (not named); at Clinton, New York, by Professor Peters.

March 24, 1873.—Planet, *Vulcan*; predicted by Mr. Hind and Professor Alexander; discovered by Mr. Cowie, at Shanghai, China, and discovery verified by Professor Kirkwood, of Bloomington, Indiana, and Professor Alexander, of Princeton, New Jersey.

June 14, 1873.—Asteroid (not named); at Ann Arbor, by Professor Watson.

An examination of this list will gratify our national pride, since it discloses the fact that, of the fourteen discoveries here recorded, eight were made by American observers, while to American astronomers belongs the credit of predicting and computing the period of a long-sought-for intra-Mercurial planet.

The recent exportation of American iron to England has given rise to an active discussion as to the probable results upon this important industry both to England and America. In his last report to the English Iron and Steel Association, Mr. Dunlap regards the event as by no means a significant or discouraging one. He states that the consumption of iron, exclusive of American scrap, was 3,554,618 tons, and of this no less than 1,254,618 tons was imported. He also calculated that the one hundred and nine furnaces built last year would not produce more than 327,000 tons, and that the thirty-nine furnaces to be constructed in 1873 could add but 117,000 tons to this production. The conclusion which is suggested by these statements is evidently that England's need is not material, but capacity for working it, and, as capital and labor are readily obtained, there is little doubt but that both will be forthcoming if the occasion demand them. In commenting upon this report, the editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal* appeals to American capitalists to hasten into this field while the way is yet open. American ironmasters must find capital to build two hundred furnaces, with their accompanying rolling-mills, before they can meet this regular demand from England alone, as that country will, with all its facilities for manufacture, have to import that amount this year. In the presence of the constantly-increasing home demand, and the necessary delay in the construction of these works, it appears that there is little prospect of American manufacturers entering at once the European markets as dangerous competitors. As this writer does not see fit to improve the opportunity, it remains for the reader to draw a moral from these facts, which might justly be in the form of a protest against the weak legislative policy which today encourages the capitalist to invest in furnaces and forges by promise of ample protection, and to-morrow threatens to demolish the walls, and expose all his nicely-constructed works to a fire of foreign shot and shell in the form of rails, bars, and pig-iron. At a time when the agriculturists of the West are awakening to the need of a more wise and equal legislation, it seems eminently proper that the iron-masters, both East and West, should combine to compel Legislatures, both State and National, to determine upon some fixed policy, and so guarantee it that they may act for the future as well as the present.

On the morning of July 5th, Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, received a cable-dispatch announcing that a new comet had just been discovered in Vienna, having right ascension, no hours seven

minutes; declination south, four degrees thirty-four minutes; motion, unknown. As illustrating the value to science of this speedy announcement, we give the following dispatch, which was received by Professor Henry on the morning of July 6th:

"ALBANY, July 6th.—A new comet, discovered at Vienna, Austria, as announced by cable through the Smithsonian Institution, was readily found at the Dudley Observatory, in this city, at two o'clock this morning, by Professor Haugh. As seen through the comet-seeker, it appeared as a faint nebulous mass. Its position is no hours seven minutes right ascension, and four degrees thirty-four minutes south declination."

A result so gratifying to science cannot but prove of equal interest to the directors of the cable company, by whose generous courtesy the wires are placed at the service of European and American astronomers.

In order to determine, if possible, the relative injurious properties of the gases resulting from the explosion of gunpowder and dynamite, Lord Robartes, the founder of the Miners' Convalescent Hospital, determined by personal exposure to test the question. Accompanied by a competent chemist, this practical philanthropist descended into the mines, and side by side with the miner inhaled the obnoxious gases, marking carefully the effects upon the nervous and respiratory organs. While the actual results were being noticed and accurately recorded, the chemist was engaged in collecting samples of the gases for subsequent analysis. The explosive compounds used were gunpowder, dynamite, gun-cotton, etc., and the results were in favor of dynamite.

The London Fishmongers' Company has taken the lead as a patron of science, by presenting to Mr. W. K. Parker, F. R. S., the sum of fifty pounds in recognition of his valuable researches on the shoulder-girdle and skull in vertebrated animals. In addition to this free gift, is coupled an allowance of twenty pounds a year for the next three years, this being advanced in order that the recipient may be enabled to pursue such parts of his work as relate to the anatomy of fishes. By this worthy recognition and substantial encouragement of scientific research, the Society of Fishmongers has set an example worthy of imitation by many other wealthy organizations both at home and abroad.

From a recent paper on the "Ottar of Roses," we learn that this rare and fragrant oil is obtained mainly from the southern slopes of the Balkan, Turkey, where there are over one hundred and fifty stations where the ingathering of the rose-blossoms and the manufacturing of rose-oil take place. The quantity of oil produced in the south of France is unimportant compared to the Turkish product. The rose-trees are planted in rows, as the vine in a vineyard, at times the two being grown together. The species richest in oil are the *Rosa damascena*, *R. sempervirens*, and *R. moschata*. The roses are gathered in bloom during the month of May, and, while fresh, are subjected to distillation, together with their green calix-leaves.

M. Pasteur, who is equally eminent as a theoretical and applied scientist—a rare union, by-the-way—has lately devised a new submarine lamp. The novelty of this instrument is based upon the fact that the expired and vitiated air, as expelled from the lungs of the diver, still contains enough oxygen to support combustion. In order, therefore, to utilize this hitherto "waste product," it is proposed

to connect the flexible escape-pipe of a diver's helmet with the chamber of a lamp, which may be carried in the hand, or attached to any part of the person. As there is a constant flow of air from the helmet, the flame of the lamp burns with a strong bright light.

Mr. James Wood-Mason sends to *Nature* a description of a crustacean, which he has made a type of a new genus, *Nephropsis Stewarti*. It was obtained while dredging in from two hundred and fifty to three hundred fathoms, about twenty-five miles off Ross Island, on the eastern coast of the Andamans. From the description given, this crustacean bears a marked resemblance to the one obtained by Professor Thomson, and already noticed in the *JOURNAL*. One of these points of resemblance is the absence of eyes, or loss of these organs from disease. This loss is compensated for by the great length and extreme delicacy of the antennae, and the great sensitiveness of the organs of hearing.

In the opinion of Professor Wyman, the ancient mound-builders of Florida were cannibals. This conclusion is based on the fact that many of these bone-heaps contained human bones, which were broken in the same manner as those of certain animals that were killed for food. The splitting of the bones had been resorted to as a means of obtaining the inclosed marrow.

The engineers of the St. Gothard Tunnel have encountered the same difficulties which so interfered with the progress of the Hoosic Tunnel, the percolation of water through the rocks. In spite of this, however, the great work is being rapidly advanced. Eight hundred and thirteen workmen are employed, and the Gothard Tunnel has advanced eight hundred and six feet.

## Sayings and Doings at Home and Abroad.

THE "rights of women" have had their advocates among us for a good many years, and now the "rights of children" have found an advocate who, *mirabile dictu*, is a school-teacher. At a convention of the schools, held recently at Worcester, Massachusetts, Superintendent Marble read a paper, in which he maintained that every child in school, however young, "has the same right to his opinion, his judgment, his will, and his way, which a full-grown man would have if he sat in the same seat. The fact," said he, "that he is weak and ignorant does not alter the case. If the child's opinion or judgment be at fault, we should correct him in the same rational way as we would an adult. If his will be obstinate, and his way be productive of harm to himself or others, we should first point him out the right way; and, if he did not desist from his evil way, we should enforce both adult and child in the same manner. The qualities of reason and intelligence should always be recognized both in the child and in the adult. The first right of every child, then, as of every human being, is to be treated as an equal, and not as an inferior. It seems to be the opinion of some people that to teach is to stamp one's own image upon the child; that what I know the child must learn; that what I think he must be taught. We have no business to do any such thing. A child is weak, but we have no right to bully him. He is undeveloped intellectually; no more have we a right to impose our opinions upon him without his choice."

In discussing the traditional ages of the patriarchs, Professor Owen says that, "in a species of the bipedal order, with the average life of eight centuries, physiology would expect the period of gestation to be more prolonged than in the species with the average natural life of seventy or eighty years." Fol-



lowing this line, "the age-correlations of the periods of life subsequent to birth can be more confidently estimated. To the helpmate of Methuselah physiology assigns twenty years in suckling her offspring, for such would be the period of its puling infancy. The happy time of childhood would carry on say Lamech's life to seventy years; at the age of one hundred and forty he would arrive at puberty, and it is written that 'he was an hundred eighty and two years, and begat a son,' which would appear to have been his first, for, in the subsequent 'five hundred and ninety-and-five years he begat sons and daughters.' The duly-proportionate period of growth would bring its inevitable results, and giants must have been the rule not the exception in those days. The female, in that favorable climate, would be marriageable at one hundred and ten years. At five hundred years her procreative powers would cease, and a comfortable old age might carry on the mother of Lamech to eight hundred or nine hundred years."

The doctrine of transmigration of souls has seldom been of such practical utility as in a recent case at Akola, in the Bombay Presidency, when his belief in it brought to justice a murderer who might otherwise have remained unpunished. It seems that this wretched man, a peasant of the vicinity, had struck senseless to the ground in a dispute a Marwarie boy, who had been working in the field near him, and, believing that the blow had proved fatal, to avoid detection he—according to his own confession—made sure of his victim's silence by beating out his brains, and then concealed the corpse in a neighboring stack of dried grass. He could not resist, however, the temptation of passing the spot frequently to see that no one had searched there for the missing boy. While he was thus standing looking at it three days after the crime, he was accosted by an acquaintance and detained on the spot, when presently the boy was seen to move, and a huge cobra crawled slowly from it. The murderer, fully believing that the reptile was no other than the soul of his victim in a new form, fell into such a paroxysm of terror as to denounce himself vehemently, and was forthwith informed on.

A correspondent of one of the Paris journals has had an interview with Père Hyacinthe, at Geneva, and regards him as wavering between love for the old and committal to the new doctrine, and as being very unhappy. The *père* does not intend remaining permanently at Geneva, but is deeply touched by his cordial reception from the Protestant public of that city, and has hopes of converting some of the Old Catholics. His doctrine at present is that all Catholics must accept Christ, and must as inevitably reject papal infallibility and omnipotence. In his opinion, the "confessional," in the hands of the Jesuits, has become the most powerful instrument in existence for the corruption and oppression of consciences; nevertheless, he desires not its abolition but its reform. Another demand which the *père* makes is, for the use of the national language in public worship.

The *Pull Mall Gazette*, basing its opinion on the evidence given by some of the sealing captains before a committee of the Newfoundland Legislature, says the state of society among seals at present is such as to cause much anxiety to those interested in them. It seems that there is a painful disproportion of the sexes in sealish circles, there being about twenty males to one female, in consequence of which fierce combats take place between the males during the matrimonial season, rendered all the more bitter because, notwithstanding this disproportion, polygamy is an institution with seals as with Mormons, and the result is that hundreds of old bachelor seals are condemned to celibacy against their inclinations. As among their human brethren, jealousy and distrust exist on all sides, and a general selfishness arises utterly subversive of domestic or social happiness.

The *Pull Mall Gazette* publishes an old letter, hid hitherto in the archives of a family at Brunswick, which illustrates very forcibly the opinions held by the German middle classes, a century ago, of their Muscovite neighbors. The letter gives a good general outline of the

victory won by Frederick the Great over the Russians at Zorndorf, August 25, 1758; and the dry and practical style gives a very special emphasis to the following sentences at the close: "The Russian army was reckoned at seventy or eighty thousand men, ours at about fifty thousand. Such a battle never was; it surpasses even that of Lissa. The Russians had in their knapsacks loins and legs of the children that they had fed on. There are no children left in the district passed through, they having been all consumed by the Russians."

Professor Max Müller is convinced that philology points out the real *specific difference* or barrier between man and the lower animals. He says, in a recent lecture: "I cannot follow Mr. Darwin, because I hold that this question is not to be decided in an anatomical theatre only. There is, to my mind, one difficulty which Mr. Darwin has not sufficiently appreciated, and which I certainly do not feel able to remove. There is, between the whole animal kingdom on the one side, and man, even in his lowest state, on the other, a barrier which no animal has ever crossed, and that barrier is—*language*. By no effort of the understanding, by no stretch of imagination, can I explain to myself how language could have grown out of any thing which animals possess, even if we granted them millions of years for that purpose."

A writer, who has seen Captain Jack since his capture, differs from most of the correspondents concerning the personal appearance of that famous chieftain. He says: "I was told, before I saw Jack, that he would be selected at sight as the leader, and that he was a very remarkable man in appearance. Such has been the description of correspondents, but I dissent from it decidedly. He is not as large or as well formed as others. His countenance is smooth and well-looking enough, but expresses intense cunning more than any other quality. There are several more remarkable-looking Indians in his tribe, but none look so wily, and it is, no doubt, due to his eloquence and his shrewdness that he is their chief. He is an intense liar and great politician, but he is not as remarkable-looking as either Sconches John or Scar-face Charley. Jack is very proud and conceited about his personal appearance, but Allen David, the Klamath chief, is much finer looking in every respect, and has better clothes for every day than Jack ever had."

Sir Bartle Frere has carried his point after all, and the Sultan of Zanzibar has signed the treaty abolishing the slave-trade. It appears that Sir Bartle represented the government of India as well as of England, and India does not understand impertinence from Zanzibar. As soon, therefore, as he made known the result of his mission at Bombay, Lord Northbrook directed Admiral Cumming to give the sultan the option of signing or suffering a bombardment, probably to be followed by his dethronement and exile. This brought him to terms, and he forthwith signed the treaty, closed the slave-market, and waits for better times—which, however, he is not likely to have, as steamers are to run from Aden to Zanzibar, and gunboats hovering about will catch any coaster trying to revive the trade.

As the London *Spectator* reads the news from Spain lately, it seems clear that Pi y Margall has driven Figueras out of the country, and intends to be dictator without being formally proclaimed such. His plan is to reduce Madrid to order by concentrating the Guardia Civile there (this has already been done), then to form an army by money, and then to establish the Federal Constitution which will divide Spain into nine home provinces or states, and four external states—thirteen in all. The Constitutional Commission consists of twelve from the majority of the Cortes, who are Centralists, and one from each of the thirteen provinces, of whom four will undoubtedly be Centralists. Great power will therefore be left to the central authority, which will control the army, the navy, the debt, foreign affairs, and part of the taxation.

The Poles in Prussian Poland are making vigorous efforts to resist the Germanizing policy of the government. A society has been

formed at Posen, the members of which make it their duty to find out the number of Polish books in the parish libraries, the number of Polish newspapers taken by the inhabitants, and the number of Polish booksellers in each parish. In all those parishes where the number of books and newspapers is not considered sufficient for the requirements of the inhabitants, the deficiency is to be supplied by the general society. The society has also organized a plan for circulating among the peasantry scientific and historical books in the Polish language, written in a popular style, which are sold in the villages by peddlers at the cost price.

The spirit of George Francis Train is not quenched, nor is his natural force abated, by the "persecution" to which he was subjected by the New-York courts. He has gone to London, and the *Times* of that city contains a *souvenir* of his presence, in the following letter to the editor: "This libel appears in your journal as a cablegram: 'New York, — 20th. — George Francis Train has been sent to a lunatic asylum.' Will you please make the *amende honorable*?" (signed) "George Francis Train, the Coming Dictator." The *Times* says: "In answer to this appeal, we can only say that the fact of Mr. Train being now in London is complete evidence that he is not in an American lunatic asylum."

The House of Commons has adopted a motion of Mr. Henry Richards, requesting her majesty's government to "communicate with foreign powers for the purpose of improving international law, and with the view of establishing arbitration as a permanent resort for the settlement of differences between nations." In the course of his speech in support of this motion, Mr. Richards made some striking statements as to the cost of the present war-like policy. In Europe alone, it keeps four million men constantly in arms, rendering necessary an annual taxation of two thousand million dollars, and the payment of seven hundred and fifty million dollars yearly as interest on war-debts; and, in addition to this, the value of labor withdrawn from industry is estimated at one billion two hundred and fifty million. He declared that in Germany the conscription is forcing an emigration which is depopulating the country, and that Russia, France, and Italy, are financially crippled by the enormous expense of their military establishments.

George Sand's diary, recently published, contains some fine sentiments; among them the following: "The external world has always affected me more than I it; my mind has become a mirror, whence my own reflection is effaced, so numerous are the reflections of other forms and beings which crowd there. When I look for myself in this mirror, I see, instead, floating by, plants, insects, landscapes, the outline of mountains, clouds, and over upon all an indescribable radiance. Amid these I catch glimpses of beings both excellent and splendid. But nothing pays me any heed in this world which does not require my admiration to make it beautiful."

The Roman police have just discovered a secret society which was recently established at Rome, with objects similar to those of the International. This society is called "Società del Silenzio," and it held its meetings in subterranean galleries, under the pretext of digging for the cement used in the manufacture of Roman porcelain. Its creed is socialism and communism of the most radical and revolutionary type, and its motto, affixed to all documents, is, "Long live Anarchy and Communism!"

The monotony of the Tichborne trial was relieved, the other day, by a literary discussion, participated in by the lord chief-justice and several of the counsel, concerning the literary character of Paul de Kock's novels. The discussion altogether was very lively, and the lord chief-justice disposed of the whole question in a sentence which is worth remembering: "Paul de Kock," said he, "in his search after the ridiculous, is unscrupulous; but, whether he preserves delicacy or violates it, he does not seek to inflame the passions."

At the recent Boston school festival, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson made a speech to the



children, in which he said that there are too many story-books and newspapers, and that young people do not read quite as good books nowadays as their fathers did. He advised them to read Scott, Plutarch, and Mrs. Edgeworth; and, above all, the life of Sir Philip Sidney, "the hero and pattern of the age in which he lived."

We doubt if the "annals of the law," so often referred to by legal orators, can show a more unique death-sentence than the following, which was delivered lately by a Missouri judge: "If guilty," said he to the prisoner, "you richly deserve the fate which awaits you; if innocent, it will be a gratification for you to feel that you were hanged without such a crime on your conscience; in either case, you will be delivered from a world of care."

M. de Candolle, a French scientist and a philologist of some eminence, thinks it "extremely probable" that, a hundred years from the present, the English language will be spoken by eight hundred and sixty millions of individuals, while German will be the language of one hundred and twenty-four millions, and French of sixty-nine millions only.

Senator Carpenter says: "The Crédit Mobilier investigation of last winter so diseased the public mind, and produced such a morbid public morality, that things which are perfectly right are regarded as wrong." This is the reason the public object to the "back-salary grab."

M. Gustave Courbet had the pleasure of pulling down the Vendôme column during the days of the Commune, and he will now have the additional pleasure of paying, to the extent of his worldly possessions, for putting it up again.

It is said that during his stay in St. Petersburg, the Shah of Persia had a dispute with some learned Russians as to the etymology of the Russian emperor's title of "czar"—he maintaining on his part that it is derived, not, as is generally supposed, from Caesar, but from "shah."

The white-marble statue of the Empress Josephine, which was placed in 1867 at the intersection of the Rues Galilée, Newton, and the Avenue Josephine, and which was removed by the Communists, is about to be replaced on its pedestal, which has since remained vacant.

The French Academy will fill up, on the first Thursday in November, the *fauteuils* vacant through the deaths of MM. Saint-Marc Girardin, Lebrun, and Louis Vitet, and there is great excitement, accordingly, among the French *littérateurs*.

A professor of philosophy at Kiel has, according to the German papers, given a ball lately to celebrate the two thousand three hundred and second anniversary of the birth of Plato! This very nearly equals Mark Twain's sorrow at the tomb of Adam.

This is one of Josh Billings's latest strokes: "I have eat these lamentable Nu Jersey ham sandwich, and must say that I prefer a couple of basswood chips, soaked in mustard water, and stuk together with Spalding's glu."

"Mark Twain" is living in London at the Edwards House, where he has Disraeli under his feet, and a duke on each side of him; yet he retains his republican simplicity, and his antipathy to a joke.

The grave of the famous "war-governor" of Massachusetts, John A. Andrew, is now marked only by a little flag, and, for the second time, an effort is being made to raise funds for the erection of a suitable monument.

A bill has been passed by the Mexican Parliament for the disestablishment of the Catholic Church, the banishment of the Jesuits, and the absolute freedom of public worship.

A combination of several of the leading railway companies, whose lines centre at New York, have raised the money for a railway suspension-bridge across the Hudson River.

Victor Hugo has just finished the novel on which he has been engaged for a year or more. It is entitled "Quatrevingt-treize," and is the first of a series on "La Guerre Civile."

## The Record.

### A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

**JULY 4.**—Death, at Paris, of Prince Joseph Poniatowski, distinguished operatic composer.

The irreconcilable deputies withdraw from the Spanish Cortes because of the extraordinary powers conferred on the government.

Advices that filibusters, under Palacios, had overthrown the government of Honduras, and were marching on Guatemala.

Advices from Arizona that Lieutenant Babcock had killed fourteen Apaches in a fight, and captured six.

**JULY 5.**—The human steamship City of Washington stranded on Gull Rock Bar, Nova Scotia, in the fog; all on board saved.

Death, at Mount Athos, Va., of Judge John Robertson, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, and Judge of the Circuit Court of Richmond.

Seven Indians at Fort Hill, Id., awaiting trial for murders, attempt to escape; three succeed, the others are shot.

The second two hundred and fifty million francs of the last milliard of the German War indemnity is paid by France.

**JULY 6.**—Death, at Hudson, Ohio, of Dr. Henry L. Hitchcock, ex-president of Western Reserve College.

Intelligence of a socialist outbreak at Poonah, India, the Hindoo peasants refusing to pay rent, and burning several houses.

**JULY 7.**—Intelligence of the death of Baron Marjoribanks, member of the British Parliament; of Colonel Adolf Borbataedt, noted military author of Berlin.

Carlists besiege the city of Vich. Dispatch that several hundred vagrants placed at work on the trocha, Havana, had escaped, and joined the insurgents.

The steamship Virginian lands supplies for the Cuban insurgents, and runs the Spanish blockade.

**JULY 8.**—Dispatch that Sir Samuel Baker had discovered that the lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza formed one inland sea seven hundred miles in length.

Intelligence that the Russians had destroyed the Khivan town of Mangit because of a desperate resistance, but spared Kilai, which surrendered immediately. The victors had found in Khiva ten thousand Persian slaves, many of whom claimed the protection of Russia.

**JULY 9.**—Dispatch that eighteen Norwegians of the German Arctic Navigation Company, left at Spitzbergen, had been found dead by a party sent to their relief.

**JULY 10.**—Dispatch that General Nouvilas had resigned the command of the Spanish Army of the North.

Signor Minghetti forms a new ministry in Italy, acting as President of the Council and Minister of Finance. Signor Visconte Venosta appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs; Minister of the Interior, Signor Cantelli; Minister of Justice and Ecclesiastical Affairs, Signor Vigliani; Minister of War, Lieutenant-General Ricotti Magnani; Minister of Marine, Signor Saintbon; Minister of Public Works, Signor Spaventa; Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Scialoja; Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, Signor Finali.

Cholera reported in Breslau and Lauterberg, Germany.

**JULY 11.**—Dispatch of the capture of San Guesa, in Navarre, by the Carlists.

Eight Turkish men-of-war reported on their way to Sumatra.

Intelligence of battle at Santa Coloma with Carlists; fifty of the insurgents killed. Carlists driven out of San Guesa. Reports that Carlists had surprised Republican forces near Ripoll, under General Cabrinety; Cabrinety killed; one-half his command taken prisoners. Internationalists at Alcoy have risen, shot the mayor, and burned sixty houses. An accident on Southern Railway, Spain, by which many persons were killed and injured.

## Notices.

**FIGURES WON'T LIE.** Not if the figures are right. The following array of figures we have examined and found correct. They refer to interesting facts connected with the TRAVELERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn., which commenced the business of Accident Insurance nine years ago this first day of April, 1873.

**ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.**  
Whole number of Accident Policies written to date..... 275,000  
Number written in the year 1873..... 35,418  
Number reported in March, 1873..... 3,352  
Whole number of Claims paid, Accident Dept. 17,004  
Amount thus returned to Policy-holders...\$1,703,552.41

**LIFE DEPARTMENT.**  
Whole number of Life Policies written to date. 16,367  
Number written in the year 1873..... 5,367  
Date of organization of Life Department..... July, 1866  
Number of Death Losses paid to date..... 126  
Amount paid in Death Losses.....\$429,624.12

**BOTH DEPARTMENTS.**  
Total Assets, April 1, 1873, about.....\$2,350,000  
Whole number Claims paid for Death or Injury, 17,386  
Whole amount thus paid in benefits....\$2,135,212.53  
Average amount paid for every working day for the past nine years, over.....\$750.00

**TO INVESTORS.**—To those who wish to reinvest Coupons or Dividends, and those who wish to increase their income from means already invested in other less profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, as well secured and unusually productive.—JAY COOKE & CO.

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**THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF** Laestl Female Seminary appears to-day. This fine institution is yearly growing in favor, and offers unusual advantages.

**FACTS FOR THE LADIES.**—MRS. ROBERT CHALMERS, Detroit, Mich., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine constantly since 1867, doing her family sewing for nine persons, and general dressmaking, without any repairs or breaking a needle. See the new Improvements and Wood's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

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D. APPLETON & Co., Publishers, New York